

THE GRAPHIC

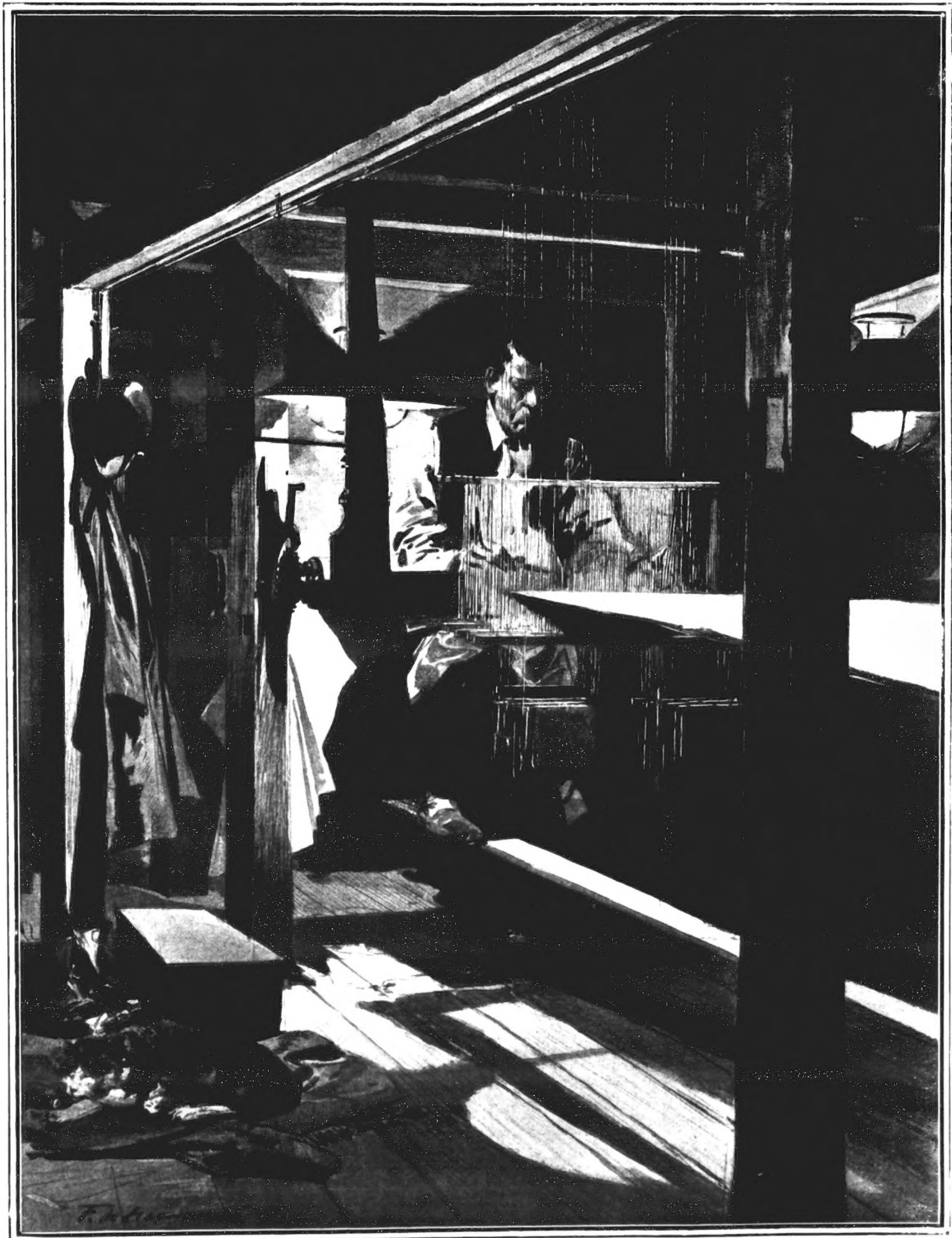
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"The King's Visit to the West"

[PRICE SIXPENCE
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The Royal mantle, or Pallium, which the King will wear at the Coronation, is being woven on the looms of Messrs. Warner, of Braintree. Special gold thread is required for the work, the metal employed being the purest that can be used, and containing very little alloy. Every inch of the cloth as it is made is covered with wrappings to keep it free from dust. Though it shines and glitters like molten gold, the material is soft and pliant. It is to be embroidered by the Royal School of Art Needlework.

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION: WEAVING CLOTH OF GOLD FOR THE KING'S PALLIUM

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. DE HAENEN

Topics of the Week

The Outlook in South Africa

SINCE the battle of Colenso nothing more mortifying has happened in South Africa than the defeat and capture of Lord Methuen by General Delarey. It is, however, easy to exaggerate the gravity of this intensely disagreeable incident.

The capture of a British general is one of those things which the popular mind naturally connotes with a great military disaster. As a matter of fact, in the present case, while it is certainly a very unpleasant, and even serious, mishap, it is in no sense a disaster. A force of 1,200 men has been outmanœuvred, surprised and overwhelmed in a notoriously unsafe region of the theatre of war. It has lost four guns and all its stores, some hundred and fifty officers and men killed and wounded, and between six and seven hundred captured, who have since been released. This is, of course, not by any means a negligible blow, but the fact that Lord Methuen was with the unlucky force, and was wounded and captured, does not by any means place the incident in the same category with the checks sustained by the British Army early in the war. It does not, to any appreciable extent, modify the military situation. It simply throws into strong relief the fact, which every careful student of the war well knew before, that the country between the Mafeking railway and the Vaal is still a dangerous district, partly because it has not yet been brought within the controlling influence of the blockhouse and constabulary-post system, and partly because the Boers operating within it are commanded by the boldest and shrewdest of all the Boer generals. Such districts there must always be while the Boers can still muster in force and while the blockhouse system leaves large areas for them to operate in. There are, of course, circumstances connected with the mishap which require explanation, and until this explanation is forthcoming we must suspend a final judgment in regard to it; but whatever the blunders that may have been made it would be absurd to regard the incident as a justification for uneasiness as to the general progress of the war. Indeed, with the exception of the country in which Delarey is operating, and one or two smaller districts in the Eastern Transvaal where Botha is still at the head of a considerable following, the whole country south of the Zeerust-Komati Poort line is rapidly being pacified. In Orange Colony De Wet is still at large, but his powers of mischief are much curtailed, and it will not be long before he seeks safety outside the Colony. The security which the blockhouse system has given to a large portion of the country is evidenced by the increased industrial activity on the Rand, by the firm re-establishment of civilian life in Bloemfontein, and by the regularity with which the railway service is now everywhere administered. The task before Lord Kitchener is, however, still a very formidable one, and the army under his orders, large though it be, has yet quite enough to occupy all its energies for some time to come. Unless the Boer resistance suddenly collapses

and while there are "regrettable incidents" like those at Klerk dorp and Tweebosch this is not likely—a very large force will be required to hold the reclaimed region, while another will be necessary to pursue and corner commandos still at large like those of Delarey and Botha. All that can be done is to peg away persistently and not to allow ourselves to be intimidated or unnerved by isolated reverses which are inherent in the peculiar conditions of the war.

Terrorism in Ireland

THE news from Ireland leaves little room for doubt that the old round of terrorism, to be followed by coercion, has once again begun. In many parts of the country the forces controlled by the United Irish League are clearly stronger than those controlled by the Crown. The crime of boycotting is rampant, but juries dare not convict, and it is, therefore, impossible, with the ordinary mechanism of the law, to protect law-abiding citizens. Nominally, the trouble has its origin in the land question. Under the terms of purchase arranged in Mr. Balfour's principal Land Purchase Act, it is possible for a tenant to acquire the freehold of his holding by paying, for a limited number of years, an annual instalment considerably less than his previous rent. Such an arrangement is obviously too favourable. It gives the purchasing tenant something for less than nothing, because he actually pays less to acquire the freehold than he was paying in perpetuity as rent. The result of this arrangement has been to create a new feeling of injustice, for the tenant who has not been able to buy his land on these favourable terms feels that he has been unfairly treated, and is willing to listen to any crafty agitator who comes along hunting for grievances. Unfortunately the same blunder has been repeated by the Congested Districts Board in dealing with an estate recently purchased by them and sold to the tenants. At once the

tenants on the adjoining estate demanded that their farms should be sold to them too on the same favourable terms. Thus the very steps taken by the Government to appease Irish discontent have been used as a means of increasing it. At the same time, only a small acquaintance with Ireland is needed to know that this question of the terms of land purchase is only the excuse and not the cause for the present agitation. The explanation of the present recrudescence of disorder in Ireland is to be found in the House of Commons. For several years after the downfall of Parnell the Nationalist parties were as hopelessly disunited as are the Liberals now. Last year they succeeded in closing up their ranks, and at once set to work to sow the seeds of mischief on an ever-ready soil. It is a weakness of Irishmen to prefer political agitation to hard work, and they are, therefore, always ready to follow any skilful leader who will promise them material prosperity as the fruits of some fresh agitation. The duty of the Government is clear. If they find that the ordinary machinery of the law is insufficient to put down the present terrorism they must have recourse to other methods. Trial by jury is only a means to an end. The end must not be sacrificed out of reverence for the means. Above all, it is the duty of the Government to strike not only, or primarily, at the humble agents of the present organised tyranny, but at the men who plan the agitation, and who deliberately keep Ireland in a turmoil in order to promote their ulterior ambitions.

The Ameer's Attitude

THE news that Habibulla Khan has requested the Hadda Mullah to postpone his visit to Kabul will not be agreeable to Russian Anglophobists. Their organs have been predicting all manner of troubles for England as the inevitable outcome of the fanatical old priest's residence at the Afghan capital, and it may not be denied that they had substantial grounds for these forecasts. The Mullah has always been an irreconcilable in his antipathy to the English, and many a time has his fiery zeal stirred up the border tribes to commotions of a more or less embarrassing character. It is his belief that True Believers are bound to worry and massacre Christians and other infidels, whenever opportunity offers, and it is his unceasing concern to create such opportunities. What chiefly gives him such exceptional influence is that, unlike other Afghans, he has never been suspected of "an itching palm." His saintly fervour appears to be quite genuine; had he been minded to sell his patronage he could have readily secured a handsome price during the reign of the late Ameer. But a deal being impracticable, that strong-handed ruler adopted coercive methods for keeping his troublesome subject quiet, and it is not unlikely that Habibulla Khan will be ultimately compelled to copy from his father's example. Be that as it may, the Ameer unquestionably affords proof of his desire to keep on good terms with Great Britain by declining the old priest's offer to take personal part in the approaching Coronation ceremonies at Kabul.

King Edward's Hospital Fund

THERE are many people, no doubt, who are puzzling their minds with trying to make choice of the most appropriate method by which to celebrate the Coronation Year. Without underrating other claims on national generosity, Londoners may well give the first place to King Edward's Hospital Fund. Although only established five years ago this most excellent charity has already been the means of placing the great Samaritan institutions it seeks to benefit on a much stronger and sounder footing. Thanks to its monetary support, 327 beds have been added to the previous accommodation, and the annual report states that another 10,000 might have been advantageously spent last year, had the fund admitted of that additional outlay. But the income, although it shows a steadily increasing tendency, is still far short of the sum required to provide London with adequate hospital-tending for the sick poor. The Prince of Wales, when presiding at the annual meeting of the General Council, expressed the hope that the deficiency will be made good by greater liberality on the part of the public. The amount realised last year from all sources was a little over £53,000, a collection very far below the annual £100,000 which the King counted on receiving when, as Heir-Apparent, he started this supplement to the Saturday and Sunday Hospital Funds.

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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

A NEW outlet for feminine energy has been found in the blowing of bellows, the forging of iron, and the hammering of horse-shoes. The *Daily Graphic* the other day gave a striking picture of a forge near Leeds, in which girls appeared to be doing all the hard work. We were also informed that the smithy in question belonged to a stalwart Yorkshireman who had brought up eight daughters to his own business. Though this fresh channel for the talent of the fair sex is a novelty in England, I am inclined to think it has been previously adopted in America. If I mistake not, some ten years ago, at Chicago, there was a sixteen-year-old girl-blacksmith, who created a considerable sensation, and I think I know someone who "dropped into poetry" on the subject. He sang somewhat as follows:—

She's a sweet little blacksmith, so lumber and strong,
To the blast of the bellows she carols a song;
Her frock it is short, and it serves to disclose
A pair of trim ankles in smart saddle hose.
A brown leathern apron she wears over her skirt;
Her cap it is crimson, and blue is her shirt;
With sleeves closely furled to exhibit the charm
Of a biceps that puts in a snowy white arm.
So stop and regard, if you're passing the Green,
This bonny young blacksmith of supple sixteen!

Yes, and he sang a great deal more demonstrating the charm that would encircle the *anvil* of the anvil. Indeed, should these ladies become general at country smithies I fancy that the romance of the road would be materially increased. I see a fine opportunity for an up-to-date novel, in which girl-blacksmiths, motor-cars and cycles will take a prominent part.

It is about time some action should be taken with regard to tramways, which are rapidly annexing our best roads. The chairman of the Great Central Railway said ament this subject at the meeting the other day, "These tramways, whether electrical or otherwise, are constructed upon roads made and maintained out of the rates; and when we find these roads used, and in some cases almost monopolised, by these tramway undertakings, we think it only reasonable to ask that they should so contribute to the rating that the railways should be relieved from some of the burdens that press so heavily upon them." Surely this is put in the mildest and most reasonable manner. It has always been a marvel to me that the roads that we pay rates for in order that they should be maintained for the public weal should be allowed to be partially monopolised by a private company in order that they may make money out of the transaction. If a railway wishes to run trains from one place to another it has to make its own road; the same rule should apply to tramways. It would be interesting to learn what the tramway companies pay for the use of the roads, and what proportion this bears to their profits.

Everyone will be anxious to learn the result of the new regulation at the St. James's Theatre, whether it will have the effect of making playgoers more punctual, or whether it will cause them to abjure the theatre altogether. No doubt late arrivals are a nuisance to those who happen to be interested in a play. Equally objectionable are those who hurry out before the performance is over. If the latter should be detained in their places till the fall of the curtain, and by this means miss their train to the suburbs, I imagine there will be considerable trouble. Besides there is another view of the subject. Supposing you don't like the play. I have known occasions when I have been so weary of a performance that I have left at the earliest moment possible, and I should have thought it a great hardship had I been compelled to remain in my seat till the end of the act. There is no doubt, however, that loud conversation, late arrivals, and early departures are quite as annoying to the actor as to the audience. I remember Charles Mathews—who was never so amusing as when telling a tale against himself—saying he was once playing at a country theatre and he was very much annoyed. He was especially sensitive on these points—by a big man who stood up in the front row and began struggling into his coat towards the end of the performance. At last Mathews could bear this no longer. He stepped down to the footlights, and addressing the burly offender said, "My good sir, this play is not over yet!" The man, who was still wrestling with his garment and occasionally punching his neighbours, replied, "That may be, sir, but I've had quite enough of it!" and put on his hat with a bang and left the theatre.

There is another church that might well follow the example of Saint Andrews by the Wardrobe, in endeavouring to add to the cheerfulness of Queen Victoria Street—that is one nearer to the Bank, namely, Saint Nicholas Cole Abbey. There is certainly not much space at its disposal, but enough for the planting of a few plane trees and for training ivy and creepers over the church. It would be an advantage, too, if the uninteresting brick walls plastered with advertisements were removed.

Londoners may not know it, but at the present time they are living over a volcano, and no one knows when or where an eruption may take place. Is it not time someone asked a question in the House of Commons with regard to the fearful explosions that so frequently take place? Surely, if electric wires cannot be laid without such disastrous consequences, they ought not to be laid at all. The other night there were underground fires in various places, which very nearly culminated in wrecking the Beefsteak Club. And yet no one seems to trouble himself about the matter, there is no public inquiry, and no indignation meetings take place. Are we to wait till half a street has been demolished or some important public building razed to the ground before energetic action is taken? I confess I am unable to understand the unaccountable apathy with regard to the subject.

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Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE Oxford and Cambridge boat race is the opening fixture of the London season. Twenty-five years ago it was a much more important social event than now, and probably it was its very popularity that injured its reputation in the West End. The race, however, will this year attract a new public, to wit, the thousands of Colonial and American visitors who have already arrived in England for the Coronation festivities. To most of them the Oxford and Cambridge contest on the Thames is an event which is only a trifle less interesting than is the Derby, and, besides, they will regard the race on this occasion as the first great incident of the series that they have come over to be present at. For these reasons the race at the end of the month is certain to be far better attended than it has been in recent years, and will excite more interest. It is possible, however, that the day is not far distant when it will cease to be rowed on the present course.

From the Oxford and Cambridge boat race to the last event of Cowes Week a column might be added to the newspapers headed "The Coronation Day by Day," for in April, May, June and July little else will be thought of by the public at home. The Government and Lord Kitchener are determined to make a desperate effort to break the back of the Boer resistance before the middle of June, that the war may not occupy so much space in the public mind then as it does now. It would certainly be regrettable were the week which is to be devoted to ceremonies and festivities to be marred by the long lists of "casualties" such as are published daily at present, and by the dread of "mishaps" occurring.

An attempt will shortly be made to provide a "Children's Day" in Coronation Week, and it is to be foreseen that the project will have the assistance of the Queen and the Princess of Wales. For one day the town should be given over to the children; the Crystal Palace, the theatres, and the parks should be devoted to their use and to their amusement. The anxiety of grown-up men and women to see the



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. COX

After the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the new Avonmouth Dock, the Prince and Princess of Wales repaired to the adjoining dock, where the Elder Dempster steamer *Port Royal* had just arrived from Jamaica with a cargo of bananas. Their Royal Highnesses were received by Mr. Foster, and with him ascended to the flying bridge, from which a fine view of the docks was to be obtained.

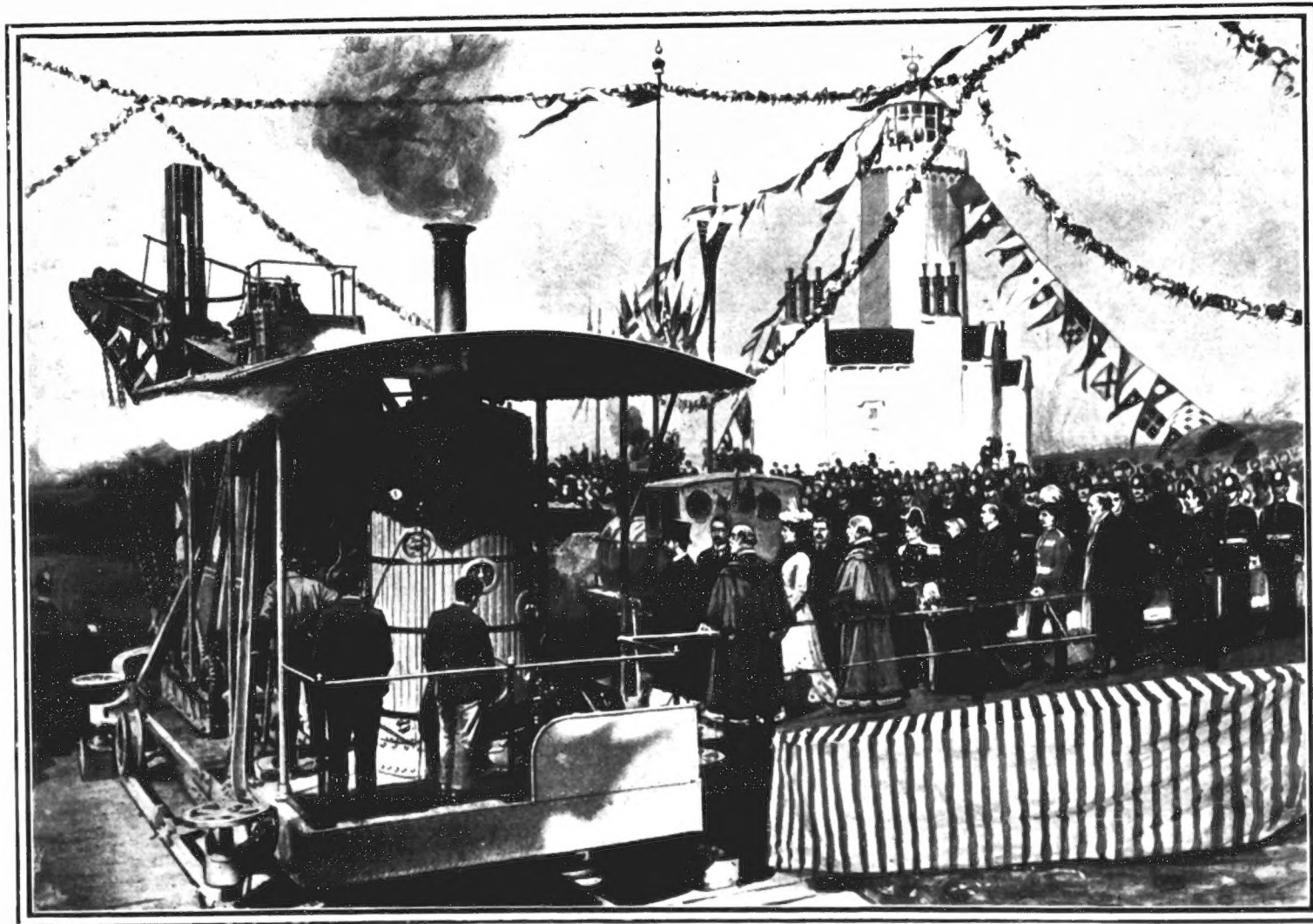
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRISTOL: INSPECTING FRUIT FROM THE WEST INDIES

processions will, of course, make it difficult for the majority of children to witness them either in the crowd or from the seats for which such big sums are being exacted. Also, few children will be accommodated with standing-room in the Abbey. Therefore, those to whom the festivities would give the most pleasure, and in whose memories they would linger longest, are destined to take the least part in them—unless their elders provide a "Children's Day," as it is earnestly hoped they will.

"Coronation marriages" is a phrase with a future. Many mothers of marriageable sons are preparing to welcome the multitude of Colonial and American heiresses who are about to enter the lion's den—in other words, who are expected to visit London this summer. It is not altogether improbable that some of those heiresses have it in their mind that an English husband may be included in their purchases when they return to their homes. Be that as it may, the wise dowagers foresee that the autumn will be rich in "engagements," and this makes many of them unwilling to let their houses for the forthcoming season, for a wealthy marriage would be better than a heavy rent.

The motor-car Court carriage is to be one of the novelties of the Coronation, for a modern-minded peer has ordered a conveyance of the kind to be built for his use on that occasion. That it will be out of keeping with its surroundings is possible, but at some future Coronation, a century hence, it is more than probable that few horse-drawn carriages will figure even in the procession. At that time, too, it may be expected that the Airship Police will hover over the Sovereign as he proceeds to the Abbey, if, indeed, he and his Court do not travel to it themselves in an airship procession!

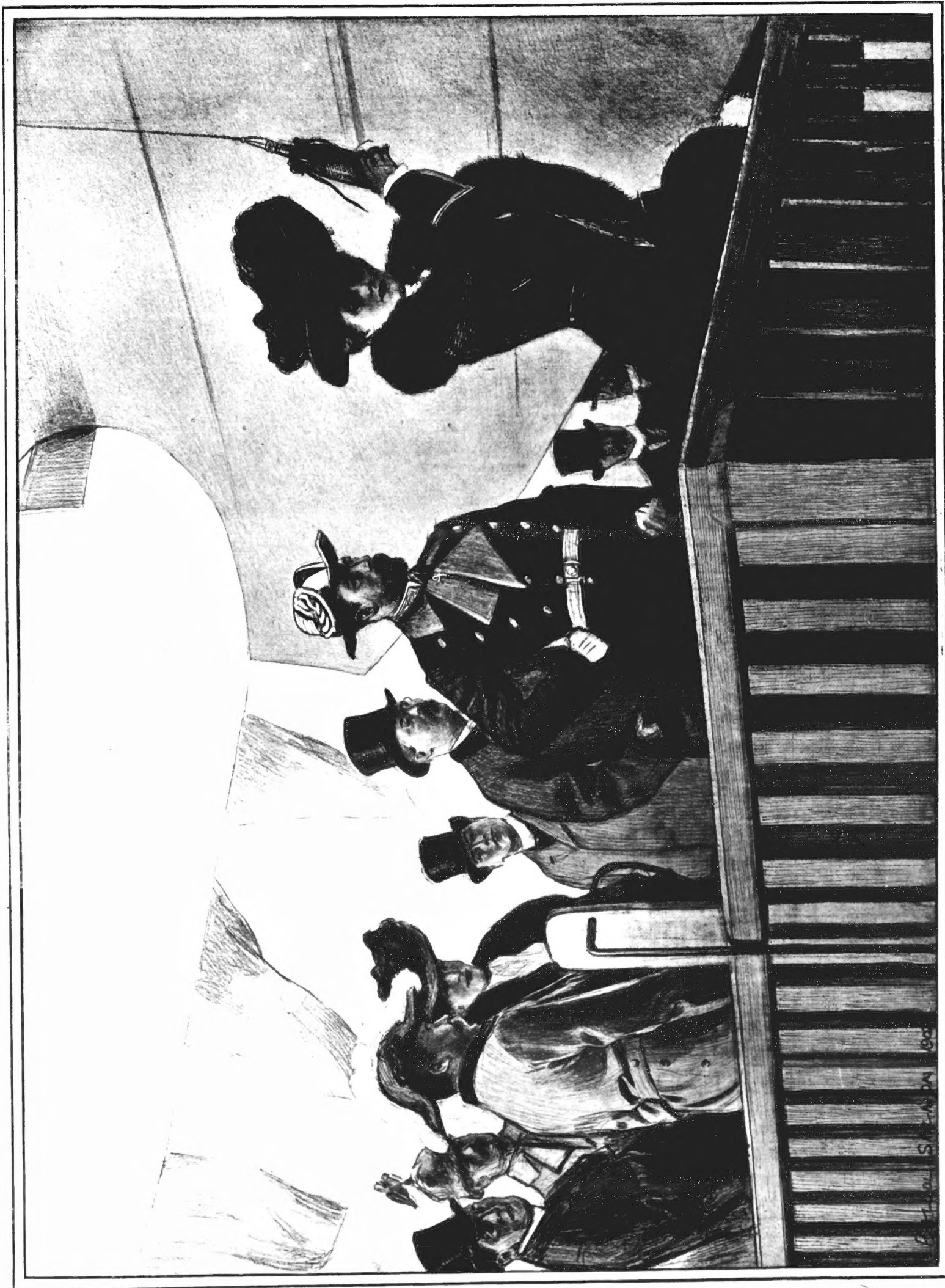
Princess Christian on Wednesday opened the annual sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework, which she promoted so energetically. The School is now working at the set of new devices for the full-dress uniform of the Yeomen of the Guard. The design is the same as that of Tudor times, save that E replaces V.



Last week the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Bristol for the purpose of inaugurating the new Avonmouth Dock. The first sod on the site of the new Dock was cut, not by a spade, but by one of Messrs. Ruston, Proctor and Co.'s steam navvies. By means of a lever, the Prince set the machine in motion, and

the navy cut its first load, which was then deposited in a waggon. The machine kept raising the sod until the waggon was full, when it was hauled away by a decorated locomotive. Our illustration is from a photograph by Ivor Castle, Bristol, and from a sketch by our Special Artist, A. Cox.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRISTOL: CUTTING THE FIRST SOD OF THE NEW AVONMOUTH DOCK WITH THE "STEAM NAVVY"



DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

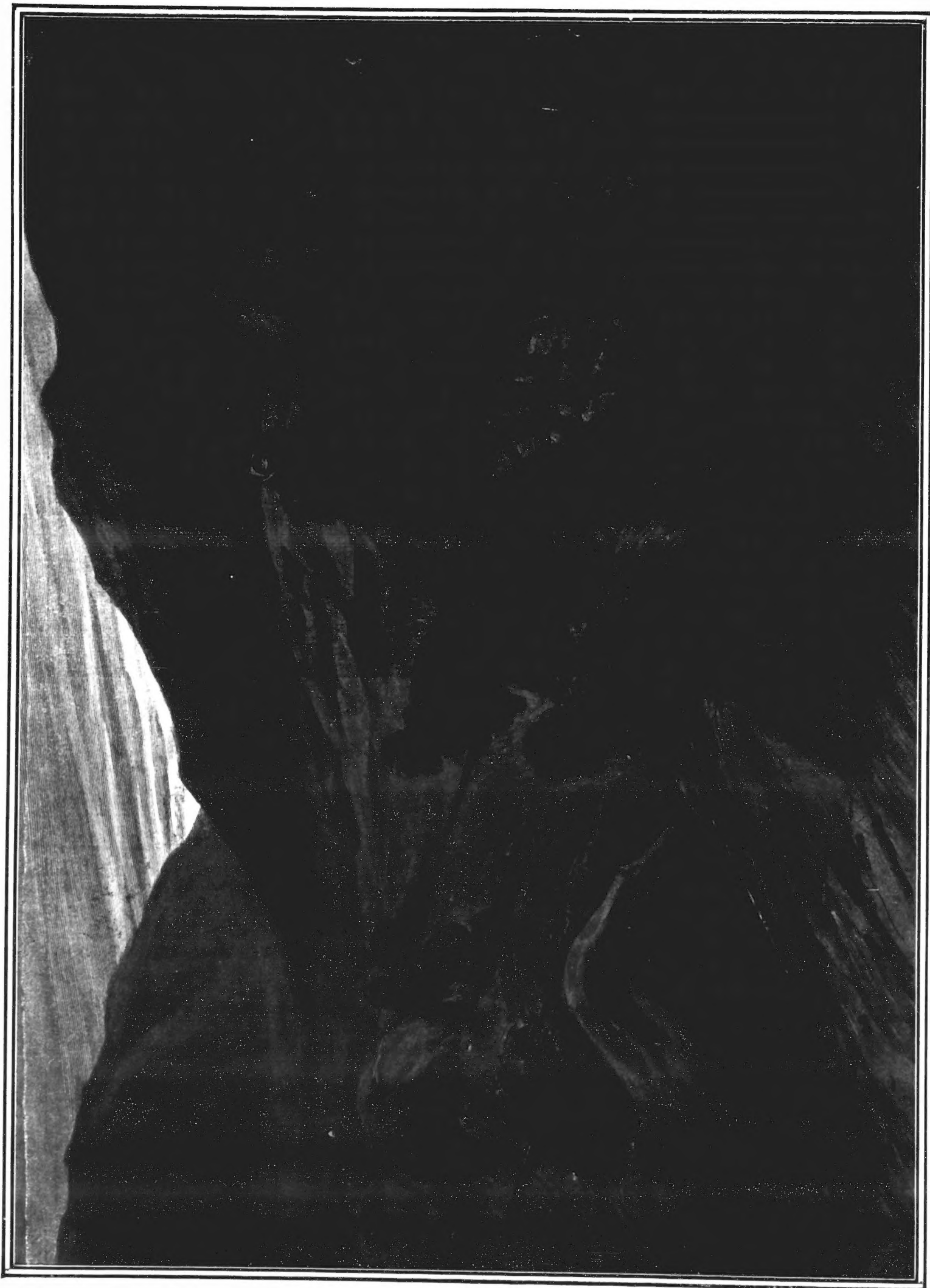
On arriving at Shooter's Island, Jersey City, Prince Henry and the President proceeded to the stand which had been erected at the 'inshore end of the ways' where the new imperial yacht was resting. Prince Henry conducted Miss Roosevelt to a small platform

immediately under the *Meteor's* bows. Mr. Roosevelt and his wife, Mr. Seth Low, and Dr. von Holleben were also on this platform. The ceremony of naming and launching the yacht then began. Miss Alice Roosevelt broke the champagne bottle when the vessel was

launched, saying:—"In the name of the German Emperor, I christen thee *Meteor*." Prince Henry handed a louquet to Miss Roosevelt, and then he acknowledged in a few words the cheering of those who were standing on the main platform

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. G. BAIN

THE LAUNCH OF THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT AT JERSEY CITY: MISS ROOSEVELT NAMING THE VESSEL



DRAWN BY H. LANSON

our Special Artist writes: "Madame Toulka-Lizond told me that although their captors had never come actually into contact with the Turkish troops they had more than once been

in their neighborhood, and preparations were made for a combat. It is during such moments that these ladies, blindfolded and seated on their horses, which were each held by a brigand, had

more than once a *malincois spirit d'homme*, not knowing whether they, by chance, might not be in the line of fire."

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST W. T. MAUD

THE RANSOMED LADY MISSIONARIES: AN INCIDENT OF THEIR JOURNEY WITH THE BRIGANDS

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XVI.

MUCH—OR NOTHING.

If we contemplate our neighbour's life with that calm indifference to his good or ill which is the only true philosophy, it will become apparent that the gods amuse themselves with men as children amuse themselves with toys. Most lives are marked by a series of events, a long roll of monotonous years, and perhaps another series of events. In some the monotonous years come first, while others have a long breathing space of quiet remembrance before they go hence and are no more seen.

A child will take a fly and introduce him to the sugar-basin. He will then pull off his wings in order to see what he will do without them. The fly wanders round beneath the sugar-basin, his small mind absorbed in a somewhat justifiable surprise, and then the child loses all interest in him. Thus the gods—with men.

Cartoner was beginning to experience this numb surprise. His life, set down as a series of events, would have made what the world considers good reading nowadays. It would have illustrated to perfection; for it had been full of incident, and Cartoner had acted in these incidents—as the hero of the serial sensational novel plays his monthly part—with a mechanical energy calling into activity only one-half of his being. He had always known what he wanted, and had usually accomplished his desires with the subtraction of that discount which is necessary to the accomplishment of all human wishes. The gods had not helped him; but they had left him alone, which is quite as good, and often better. And in human aid this applies as well, which that domestic goddess, the managing female of the family, would do well to remember.

The gods had hitherto not been interested in Cartoner, and, like the fly on the nursery window that has escaped notice, he had been allowed to crawl about and make his own small life, with the result that he had never found the sugar-basin and had retained his wings. But now, without apparent reason, that which is called Fate had suddenly accorded him that gracious and inconsequent attention which has forever decided the sex of this arbuter of human story.

Cartoner still knew what he wanted, and avoided the common error of wanting too much. For the present he was content with the desire to avoid the Princess Wanda Bukaty. And this he was not allowed to do. Two days after the meeting at the Mokotow—the morning following the visit paid by Wanda to the Hotel de l'Europe—Cartoner was early astir. He drove to the railway station in time to catch the half-past eight train, and knowing the ways of the country, he took care to arrive at ten minutes past eight. He took his ticket amid a crowd of peasants—wild-looking men in long coats and high boots, rough women in gay shades of red, in short skirts and top-boots, like their husbands.

This was not a fashionable train, nor a through train to one of the capitals. A religious fete at a village some miles out of Warsaw attracted the devout from all parts, and the devout are usually the humble in Roman Catholic countries. Railways are still conducted in some parts of Europe on the prison system, and Cartoner, glancing into the third-class waiting-room, saw that it was thronged. The second-class room was a little emptier, and beyond it the sacred green-tinted shades of the first-class waiting-room promised solitude. He went in alone. There was one person in the bare room, who rose as he came in. It was Wanda. The gods were kind—or cruel.

"You are going away?" she said, in a voice so unguardedly glad that Cartoner looked at her in surprise. "You have seen Monsieur Deulin, and you are going away."

"No, I have not seen Deulin since the races. He came to my rooms yesterday, but I was out. My rooms are watched, and he did not come again."

"We are all watched," said Wanda, with a short and careless laugh. "But you are going away—that is all that matters."

"I am not going away. I am only going across the frontier, and shall be back this afternoon."

Wanda turned and looked towards the door. They were alone in the room, which was a vast one. If there were any other first-class passengers, they were waiting the arrival of the train from Lemberg in the restaurant, which is the more usual way of gaining access to the platform.

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"She stood within the open doorway, and seemed to wait for him to speak."

She probably guessed that he was going across the frontier to post a letter.

"You must leave Warsaw," she said; "it is not safe for you to stay here. You have by accident acquired some knowledge which renders it imperative for you to go away. Your life, you understand, is in danger."

She kept her eyes on the door as she spoke. The ticket collector on duty at the entrance of the two waiting-rooms was a long way away, and could not hear them even if he understood English, which was improbable. There were so many other languages at this meeting-place of East and West which it was essential for him to comprehend. The room was absolutely bare; not so much as a dog could be concealed in it. If these two had anything to say to each other this was assuredly the moment, and this bare railway station the place to say it in.

Cartoner did not laugh at the mention of danger or

shrug his shoulders. He was too familiar with it, perhaps, to accord it this conventional salutation.

"Martin would have warned you," she went on, "but he did not dare to. Besides, he thought that you knew something of the danger into which you had unwittingly run."

"Not unwittingly," said Cartoner, and Wanda turned to look at him. He said so little that his meaning needed careful search.

"I cannot tell you much," she began, and he interrupted her at once.

"Stop," he said, "you must tell me nothing. It was not unwitting. I am here for a purpose. I am here to learn everything—but not from you."

"Martin hinted at that," said Wanda, slowly, "but I did not believe him."

And she looked at Cartoner with a sort of wonder in her

eyes. It was as if there were more in him—more of him—than she had ever expected. And he returned her glance with a simplicity and directness which were baffling enough. He looked down at her. He was taller than she, which was as it should be. For half the trouble of this troubled world comes from the fact that, for one reason or another, women are not always able to look up to the men with whom they have dealings.

"It is true enough," he said, "Fate has made us enemies, Princess."

"You said that even the Czar could not do that. And he is stronger than Fate—in Poland. Besides—"

"Yes."

"You, who say so little, were indiscreet enough to confide something in your enemy. You told me you had written for your recall."

And again her eyes brightened, with an anticipatory gleam of relief.

"It has been refused."

"But you must go—you must go!" she said, quickly. She glanced at the great clock upon the wall. She had only ten minutes in which to make him understand. He was an eminently sensible person. There were gleams of grey in his closely cut hair.

"You must not think that we are alarmists. If there is any family in the world who knows what it is to live peaceably, happily—quite gaily—" she broke off with a light laugh, "on a volcano—it is the Bukatys. We have all been brought up to it. Martin and I looked out of our nursery window on April the eighth, 1861, and saw what was done on that day. My father was in the streets. And ever since we have been accustomed to unsettled times."

"I know," said Cartoner, "what it is to be a Bukaty." And he smiled slowly as she looked at him with gay, fearless eyes. Then suddenly her manner, in a flash, was different.

"Then you will go?" she pleaded, softly, persuasively. And when he turned away his eyes from hers, as if he did not care to meet them, she glanced again, hurriedly, at the clock. There is a cunning bred of hatred, and there is another cunning, much deeper. "Say you will go!"

And, sternly economical of words, he shook his head.

"I do not think you understand," she went on, changing her manner and her ground again. And, to each attack, he could only oppose his own stolid, dumb form of defence. "You do not understand what a danger to us your presence here is. It is needless to tell you that all this," with a gesture she indicated the well-ordered railway station, the hundred marks of a high state of civilisation, "is skin deep. That things in Poland are not at all what they seem. And, of course, we are implicated. We live from day to day in uncertainty. And my father is such an old man; he has had such a hopeless struggle all his life. You have only to look at his face—"

"I know," admitted Cartoner.

"It would be very hard if anything should happen to him now, after he has gone through so much. And Martin, who is so young in his mind, and so happy and reckless! He would be such an easy prey for a political foe. That is why I ask you to go."

"Yes, I know," answered Cartoner, who, like many people reputed clever, was quite a simple person.

"Besides," said Wanda, with that logic which men, not having the wit to follow it, call no logic at all, "you can do no good here, if all your care and attention are required for the preservation of your life. Why have they refused your recall? It is so stupid."

"I must do the best I can," replied Cartoner.

Wanda shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and tapped with her foot on the ground. Then suddenly her manner changed again.

"But we must not quarrel," she said, gently. "We must not misunderstand each other," she added with a quick and uneasy laugh, "for we have only five minutes in all the world."

"Here and now," he corrected, with a glance at the clock, "we have only five minutes. But the world is large."

"For you," she said, quickly, "but not for me. My world is Warsaw. You forget I am a Russian subject."

But he had not forgotten it, as she could see by the sudden hardening of his face.

"My presence in Warsaw," he said, as if the train of thought needed no elucidating, "is in reality no source of danger to you—to your father and brother, I mean. Indeed, I might be of some use. I or Deulin. Do not misunderstand my position. I am of no political importance. I am nobody—nothing but a sort of machine that has to report upon events that are past. It is not my business to prevent events or to make history. I merely record. If I choose to be prepared for that which may come to pass, that is merely my method of preparing my report. If nothing happens I report nothing. I have not to say what might have happened—life is too short

to record that. So you see my being in Warsaw is really of no danger to your father and brother."

"Yes, I see—I see!" answered Wanda. She had only three minutes now. The door giving access to the platform had long been thrown open. The guard, in his fine military uniform and shining top-boots, was strutting the length of the train. "But it was not on account of that that we asked Monsieur Deulin to warn you. It does not matter about my father and Martin. It is required of them—a sort of family tradition. It is their business in life—almost their pleasure."

"It is my business in life—almost my pleasure," said Cartoner, with a smile.

"But is there no one at home—in England—that you ought to think of?" in an odd, sharp voice.

"Nobody," he replied, in one word, for he was chary with information respecting himself.

Wanda had walked towards the platform. Immediately opposite to her stood a carriage with the door thrown open. In those days there were no corridor carriages. Two minutes now.

"We must not be seen together on the platform," she said. "I am only going to the next station. We have a small farm there, and some old servants whom I go to see."

She stood within the open doorway, and seemed to wait for him to speak.

"Thank you," he said, "for warning me."

And that was all.

"You must go," he added, after a moment's pause.

Still she lingered.

"There is so much to say," she said, half to herself. "There is so much to say."

The train was moving when Cartoner stepped into a carriage at the back. He was alone, and he leant back with a look of thoughtful wonder in his eyes, as if he were questioning whether she were right—whether there was much to say—or nothing.

(To be continued)

The Capture of Lord Methuen

THE serious reverse to our arms in South Africa must be ranked among the most regrettable incidents of the war. On the 7th inst. a force of 1,200 men, with four guns and a pom-pom, under the command of Lord Methuen, was completely routed by Delarey. The column had started from Vryburg, which is on the railway about halfway between Kimberley and Mafeking, and was marching to join General Grenfell with 1,300 men at Rooirantjesfontein, some twenty miles south of Lichtenburg. This same Boer General



GENERAL DELAREY
Who captured Lord Methuen

captured Colonel von Donop's convoy on February 27, near Klerksdorp, and it was for the purpose of engaging with him that the two columns were to meet. On the morning of the 7th inst., Lord Methuen's column had reached a spot in the angle formed by the Hartz and Little Hartz Rivers, where it was attacked on three sides by the Boers about twenty miles from Rooirantjesfontein, where the column was to meet Grenfell's column. When the Boers attacked on both flanks there was a stampede of mules, caused by the native

boys galloping through the convoy with led horses, which threw the advance part of the column into confusion. Delarey's men were dressed, we are told, in khaki—and, no doubt, that added to the completeness of the surprise. Major Paris, who was in command of 900 mounted men, collected forty and occupied a position a mile in front of the ox-wagons, and there he held out until he was forced to surrender. Lord Methuen was wounded and taken prisoner, forty officers and men were killed, about eighty were wounded, and the whole of our guns and baggage fell into the hands of the Boers. The infantry, numbering some 300, and consisting of detachments of the "Fighting Fifth," glorious as ever in misfortune, and the Loyal North Lancashire, stayed by the gunners, who stood firmly to their guns until it was useless to prolong the struggle. In the meantime



GENERAL LORD METHUEN
Wounded and captured by the Boers

550 of our troops made their way to Kraaijan and Mari-bogo, on the other side of the railway, pursued for four miles by the Boers.

Lord Methuen has been pitted against Delarey continuously, even from as far back as the battle of Modder River, and he has stayed out in South Africa, doing very hard work, ever since the war began. Lord Methuen is fifty-six years of age, and has spent thirty-seven years of his life in the Army. He is a Scots Guardsman, and has seen service in Ashanti, in Egypt



MAJOR PARIS
Taken prisoner and released

and Bechuanaland. His battles at Modder River and Magersfontein in the early days of the campaign in South Africa raised a storm of undeserved criticism, but Lord Roberts, in his speech in the House of Lords the other night, bore testimony to Lord Methuen's tireless energy, and his troops are devoted to him.

General Delarey, into whose hands Lord Methuen has fallen, is one of the ablest leaders on the Boer side. He is of French descent, and comes of a Huguenot family. Before the war broke out he sat in the Volksraad, and, like Joubert, strenuously opposed President Kruger's war policy, which he foresaw could only result ultimately in the annihilation of the Transvaal Republic. He had the moral courage to vote against the Kruger ultimatum, but as soon as war was declared he flung himself into it as energetically as he had previously striven for peace. Our portrait of Lord Methuen is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; that of Major Paris by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond; while that of General Delarey was supplied by the Illustrated Press Bureau.



Palmietkuil, the spot near which the disaster occurred, marked X in the map, is about fifty-five miles N.W. of Klerksdorp and thirty miles south of Rooirantjesfontein, whither the column was marching. Tweebosch, shown just below, was the place whence Lord Methuen had started on the day of the reverse.

THE SCENE OF THE REVERSE TO LORD METHUEN'S TROOPS

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

ON Monday night Mr. Arthur Balfour's return to his post after a fortnight's absence was looked forward to as the incident of the sitting. His sudden illness dislocated the ordered business of the Session, among other things interrupting debate on Procedure just as it was getting into stride. Close upon four o'clock, Mr. Healy, being on his legs arguing a case with the Attorney-General for Ireland, was interrupted by a sudden strenuous cheer. As it broke from the Ministerial benches the member for Louth halted in puzzled embarrassment. Unaccustomed to draw applause from that part of the House he began to suspect he had committed some *blatise*. Looking towards the Speaker he observed Mr. Balfour entering from behind the Chair, smiling and blushing at the warmth of his reception.

Just as the Speaker was about to call upon the Clerk to read the Orders of the Day, Mr. Brodrick, holding a sheaf of manuscript in his hand, presented himself at the Table. No question had been addressed to him, nor had he any motion on the Paper. With swift, unerring instinct the crowded House jumped to the conclusion that

he had a momentous message to deliver. In some breasts there had gleamed, for a while, a flash of hope that the Secretary of State was the harbinger of peace. Not long was the House left in darkness. "Bad news about Methuen" were among the first words of Lord Kitchener's message from Pretoria. That was ominous, and what followed confirmed the darkest apprehension.

The pained, profound stillness with which the news of a crushing disaster was heard was broken from the Irish benches by a chuckle of delight. This grew into a cheer, varied by aggressive laughter as the story went on to its conclusion of Lord Methuen shot in the thigh. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman turned round and regarded the jubilant throng with angry stare. This was the party for whose cause the Liberal host had been wrecked sixteen years ago. These were the very men on whose behalf he had again given the slowly healing Opposition by once more attempting to raise the Home Rule flag. Sir Henry made no remark audible beyond the Front Opposition Bench. But angry cries of "Shame! Shame!" came from the Ministerialists. It is many years since a scene in the House of Commons has made so deep, and what will prove so abiding, an impression as this outbreak. That it was unpremeditated, uncontrollable, only makes it the more significant and instructive.

As frequently happens, Ministers in charge of the business of the

sitting profited by the interlude of excitement. With feelings deeply stirred by the scene just witnessed, members could not bring themselves to discuss matter-of-fact trifles such as a vote of eight millions sterling for guns and stores for the Army. The House swiftly emptied, and vote after vote was passed in Committee of Supply, with exhilarating rapidity. A similar condition of affairs obtained on Tuesday, when Committee was resumed. The consequence is that the Government find themselves in exceptionally forward state in the finance of the year. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Mr. Balfour's illness setting aside debate on the Procedure Rules has given a full fortnight extra to the Army and Navy Estimates.

At this time of writing nothing has been disclosed of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's intention with respect to the date of introducing the Budget. Several attempts to draw Sir Michael have been imperturbably defeated. It is, however, highly improbable that the Budget will be brought in this side of Easter, a season happening unusually early. Nor is it likely that the Procedure Rules will again be taken up before the holidays. Already there is talk of only partially fulfilling the promise in the King's Speech of carrying an Education Bill. But the Procedure Rules, very much as they stand on the Paper, will be made Standing Orders before Whitsuntide.



DRAWN BY D. E. WATERS

SKETCHED BY A. COX FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY OFFICERS

A disastrous collision occurred, at midnight on Wednesday last week off the Anglesey coast, between the American liner *Waesland*, from Liverpool to Philadelphia with passengers and miscellaneous cargo, and the steamer *Harmonides*, belonging to Messrs. R. P. Houston and Co., Liverpool, homeward bound from the River Plate with a general cargo. The *Waesland*, with thirty-two cabin and eighty-two steerage passengers and a crew of eighty-nine, left the Mersey on that afternoon. Her progress had been very slow, owing to the fog. When she was about forty-five miles off Holyhead, the *Harmonides* was suddenly seen approaching her out of the fog. There was no time to prevent a collision, and the *Harmonides* crashed into the *Waesland*, doing such damage that the latter vessel began

at once to settle down. The officers were indefatigable in reassuring the passengers, and the absence of panic at the critical moment reflects every credit on their efforts. Orders were given to lower the boats, and when one of them was being lowered the stern slipped, and the occupants were thrown into the sea, except one man who was crushed against the side of the boat and killed. Everyone else in the boat was rescued, except a little girl, named Emmett. The ten other boats were safely launched, and the passengers were transferred to the *Harmonides* without any further mishap. The officers of the *Waesland* did not leave her until her decks were awash, and it was obvious that she could not remain afloat long. Hardly had they left the vessel before she sank. The passengers were subsequently landed at Liverpool.

THE SINKING OF A LINER OFF HOLYHEAD: TRANSFERRING THE PASSENGERS OF THE "WAESLAND" TO THE "HARMONIDES"



DRAWN BY L. DE HAESSEN

Our Special Artist writes: "Madame Tsilka Igord spoke of Miss Stone with unbounded admiration, for that lady had been her only attendant during her accouchement, and she had done everything that was possible in the extraordinary circumstances. The lady had enjoyed remarkable health

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

during its seven weeks of existence in the gloom of a cave that was filled with smoke, and in the journeys by night over the frozen mountains. The brigands christened the baby 'Kismet-hi,' the luck child."

THE RANSOMED LADY MISSIONARIES: A GLIMPSE OF THEIR LIFE IN CAPTIVITY



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWN, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD.

Our special artist, describing his meeting with Miss Stone and Madame Tsilka-Ligord at the house of the Protestant pastor at Strumitza, writes: "When Madame Tsilka-Ligord brought her baby into the room to be introduced to her rescuers, she was followed by a wild-looking mountaineer with a sheepskin coat thrown over his shoulders. This was Agriah, the Albanian, who found the two ladies at daybreak one morning outside the village of Gargorhur, and brought them in to Strumitza. In the presence of this man we were face to face with the brigands. Abrupt in movement and in speech,

lean and wiry in form, he needed but a rifle in his hand to serve as a model of the mountain robbers of Macedonia. And yet, withal this rough exterior, there was a great gentleness in his dark, keen eyes when he bent over the mother's chair and looked at the little one lying in her arms. One might have thought he was the father, so proud he seemed of his charges. He told us when and where he found them, and emphasised his superior claim upon the baby by wetting his finger and touching her forehead.

THE RANSOMED LADY MISSIONARIES THE ALBANIAN MOUNTAINEER AND THE BABY



THE LATE MR. W. RATHBONE
A Liverpool Philanthropist



SUB-LIEUTENANT BASIL GUY
Decorated with the V.C. by the King



THE LATE MR. J. F. BENTLEY
Architect of the Roman Catholic Cathedral,
Westminster



CHIEF STOKER PAFFETT
Decorated with the Albert Medal by the King



MR. J. MCDUGALL
New Chairman of the L.C.C.

The Court

THE Royal visit to the West produced a grand display of loyal enthusiasm. The earliest greeting was at Kingswear, where the first of many bouquets was presented. The Royal party boarded the railway steamer *Dolphin*, and crossed the Dart amidst cheers from the crews of the German training ship *Moltke* and two torpedo-destroyers. On landing at Dartmouth the King received an address from the Mayor and Corporation, and another from the Harbour Commissioners. Then the procession started for the site of the new Naval College on Mount Boon. Various presentations and the offering of more bouquets to the Royal ladies being over, King Edward began his work, and duly laid the stone—a solid block of Cornish granite, inscribed in gilt letters with a record of the event. A casket made from the wood of the old *Britannia*, and containing current coins and newspapers of the day, was placed on the stone, and the ceremony ended with the Benediction given by the Bishop of Exeter. The King then presented the Peking Medal to three officers of the *Australer*, while the Queen was giving badges to a trio of nursing sisters attached to the *Britannia*, and the Royal party returned to Kingswear to take train for Plymouth.

Dense crowds stood behind all the way from the station through Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport till their Majesties reached the Dockyard to board the *Victoria* and *Albert*. Each of the three towns presented a Mayoral address and bouquets, the Plymouth address being in a silver casket, modelled like Drake's famous *Pelican*—the first English vessel to sail round the world. An album of Devonshire views was the accompanying gift to the Queen. Devonport's casket was equally beautiful—a silver Renaissance model, with naval emblems. Their Majesties gave a dinner-party in the evening.

Saturday opened with Royal salutes from the ships in harbour, gaily bellegged. The King, Queen, and Princess were early ashore, to visit the Royal Naval Barracks at Keyham. Directly the Royal party arrived, the officers and men filed past His Majesty to receive the China medal in return for their services in the 1900 relief of Peking, Admiral Seymour heading his forces in the campaign. One Victoria Cross was bestowed on Sub-Lieutenant Basil Guy, for rescuing a wounded comrade at the relief of Tientsin, and the Albert medal fell to the lot of Chief Stoker Paffett for gallantry in the explosion on board the torpedo-destroyer *Daring*. The South African medal was next presented to a goodly number, including Captain Bearcroft, of the *Philomel*, who received the Order of the Bath as well. After three cheers for the King, His Majesty turned to inspect the Naval Engineering Students, closing his inspection with a brief address, and the Queen meanwhile presented badges to nine of the Queen Alexandra Naval Nurses.

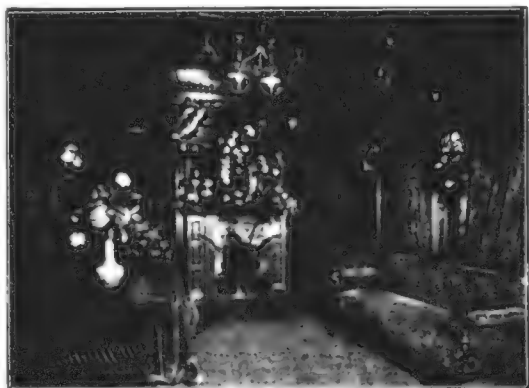
The most picturesque event of the whole visit was the launch of the battleship *Queen* at Devonport Dockyard. The King wore an

Admiral's uniform, the Queen was in black and chinchilla, with a white toque, Princess Victoria in lavender, with an astrakhan jacket. By their side on a table stood a pagoda-shaped casket with the chisel and mallet adorned with Crown, Rose, Shamrock and Thistle, and in front was the bottle of red Colonial wine for the christening, hung in a kind of floral swing. The dedication prayers being said, Queen Alexandra flung the bottle against the bows of her namesake, saying, "I name this ship the *Queen*. May God speed her and all who may sail in her." Then Her Majesty took the chisel and mallet, and smartly severed the cords holding back the vessel, and in a few moments the new *Queen* glided out into the Harboure with a gentle dip, amid



The casket containing the address presented to the King by the Plymouth Borough Council, was a silver model of the *Pelican*, the ship in which Captain Francis Drake started from Plymouth upon his memorable voyage of discovery, which was destined to lay the foundations of "our empire beyond the seas." Messrs. Page, Keen, and Page carried out the work, faithfully following old descriptions of the *Pelican* and similar ships in making their design.

CASKET PRESENTED TO THE KING



PRINCE HENRY'S SITTING-ROOM ON THE PULLMAN TRAIN IN WHICH HE HAS BEEN TOURING

salutes and cheers. After the launch King Edward's turn came to lay the first keel-plate of the new battleship *King Edward VII.*—a ceremony performed through an electrical apparatus with marvellous rapidity. Before going back to their yacht their Majesties were present at a reception given by the Dockyard Superintendent, Vice-Admiral Sturgess Jackson, whom the King later knighted at the Royal dinner-party on the *Victoria* and *Albert*. Their Majesties had many guests to dinner, and they subsequently watched the naval illuminations and the fireworks ashore. On Sunday the King and Queen with Princess Victoria attended Service in the Dockyard Chapel, and in the afternoon went over to Mount-Edgcumbe to see the Earl and his sister. Their Majesties and the Princess left Devonport early on Monday on their return to town.

Our Portraits

MR. JOHN McDUGALL, the new Chairman of the County Council, entered public life on being elected to the first London County Council. He has remained one of Poplar's representatives in the Metropolitan Municipal Parliament ever since. Mr. McDougall is well known as a hard worker in committee, though few members speak less in the Council, and his record of attendances is the highest. Mr. McDougall came very prominently before the public some time since at the first Licensing Sessions, but undeterred by any criticism he quietly pursued his municipal labours, which have been principally concerned with asylum administration and main drainage. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. John Francis Bentley, who has just died of paralysis, was the architect of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. Quite recently he was at the new Cathedral and seemed to be in fair health and spirits. He had recently completed his sixty-second year. Mr. Bentley, says the Press Association, had been the victim of two previous paralytic seizures, the more recent of which had seriously affected his speech. He appeared fully conscious of the remoteness of the probability that he would survive to see the completion of the great pile of buildings at Westminster. Our portrait of Mr. Bentley is from a painting by René Le Brun.

Mr. William Rathbone was an ardent Liberal, and one of Liverpool's merchant princes. He was, moreover, highly esteemed for his large philanthropy. He entered Parliament in 1868, and with the exception of a brief interval represented a division of his native town, of Lancashire, or a constituency in Wales, until 1895, when he was defeated, and did not again seek electoral honours. He was eighty-three years of age, and had been in failing health for some time. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Our portrait of Sub-Lieutenant Guy is by T. Fall, Baker Street, and that of Chief Stoker Paffett by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



PRINCE HENRY'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM



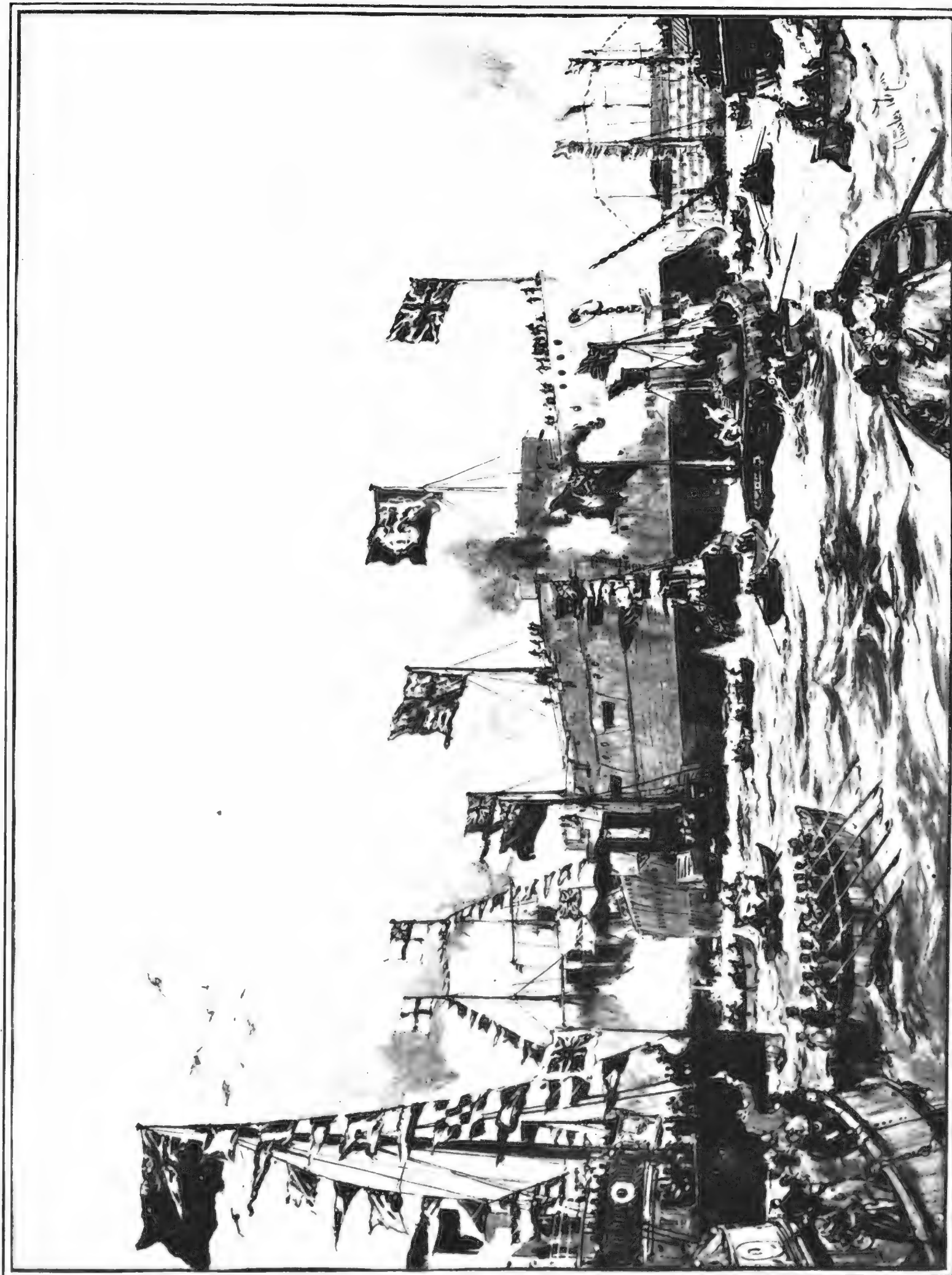
THE COOK'S GALLEY: PREPARING THE LUNCH GIVEN BY THE PRINCE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT



THE ROYAL TABLE SET FOR LUNCHEON

THE TOUR OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA IN THE UNITED STATES: ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN"

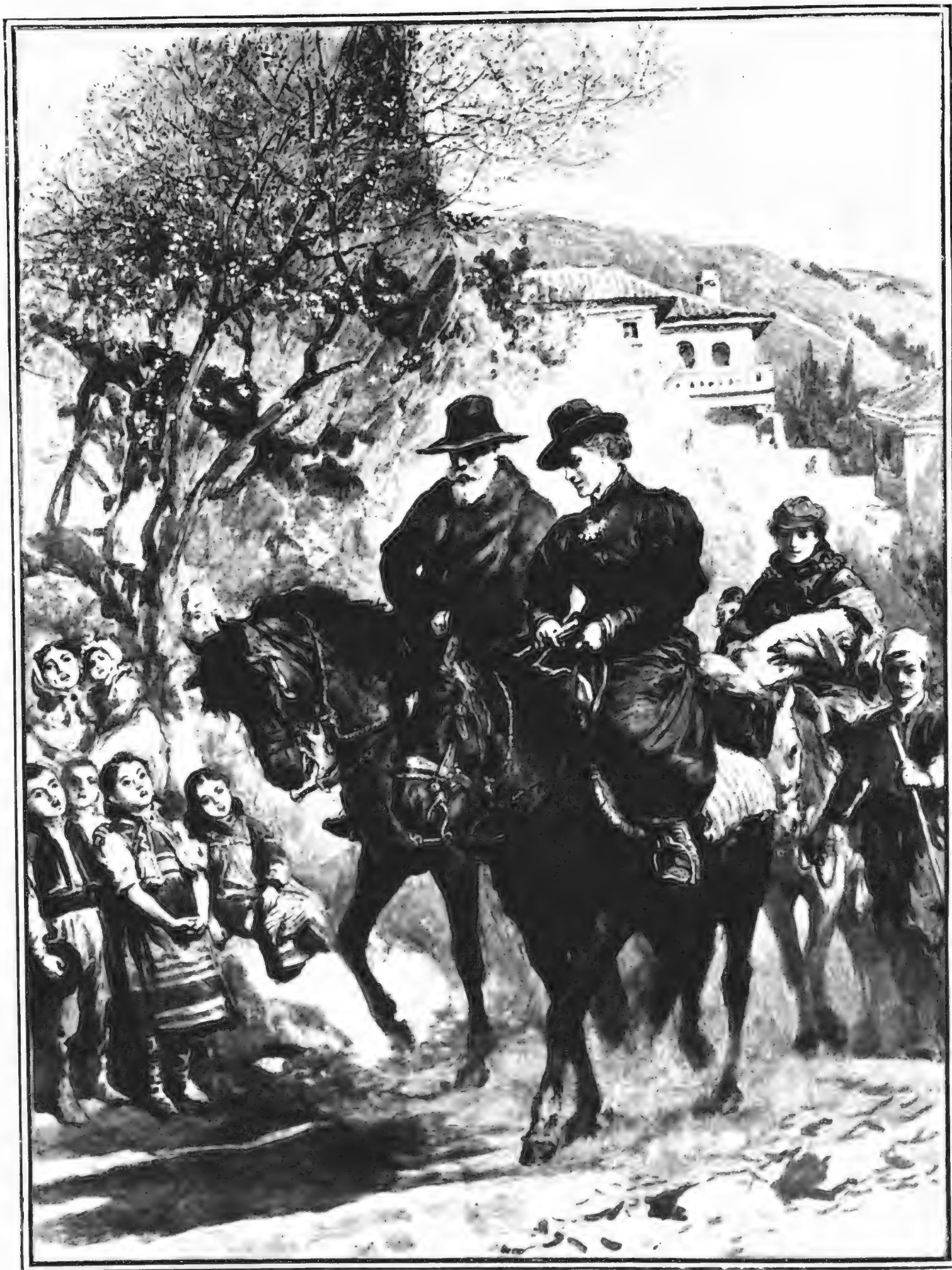
From Photographs supplied by Bolak's Electrotype Agency



Queen Alexandra having hauled the new battleship, and cut the cord, and the dogshores being knocked away, the vessel appeared to hesitate, but, after a couple of minutes, she glided down the ways into the Hanoaze in fine style. The *Queen* was well launched, and the fact was announced to all the town by the booming of guns from the ships off the yard, all dressed in their finery for the auspicious occasion.

THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW BATTLESHIP "QUEEN" AT DEVONPORT: THE VESSEL AFLOAT

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

Describing the scene when the ransomed lady missionaries and the American party left Strumnitza for Salonica, our Special Artist writes: "The whole population was fizzling with excitement, and the escort and police had hard work to make a way for us through the crowded streets. There was so much kissing and hand shaking between the ladies and their Bulgarian friends that it seemed we should never

get clear of the town. It was just at the bottom of the gorge, where the houses end and the road commences to climb the mountain, that a party of Miss Stone's converts were grouped and sang the hymn 'God keep you till we meet again.' Riding with Miss Stone was Mr. Gargulo, Dragoman of the American Legation.

THE RANSOMED LADY MISSIONARIES: THE CONVERTS AT STRUMNITZA BIDDING FAREWELL TO MISS STONE



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

The investiture of the Marquess of Waterford with the insignia of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick was carried out with picturesque ceremony at Dublin Castle. The Lord Lieutenant, Grand Master of the Order, and the Knights having taken their seats in St. Patrick's Hall, the Marquess of Waterford was introduced and received the hon' of knight.

hood. He then retired, and the Lord Lieutenant announced to the Knights that the King had been pleased to nominate the Marquess of Waterford to be a Knight Companion of the Order, and to reward that his lordship be invested with the ribbon and badge. The Marquess of Waterford then returned and was conducted by the two junior knights, the Earl

of Longford and Lord Clonbrock to the right of the chair of State. The new Knight having signed the declaration, the Grand Master invested him with the ribbon and badge, and completed the ceremony by girding on his sword and robing him with the mantle of the Order. Among the Knights present were the Duke of Connaught and Earl Roberts.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK AT DUBLIN CASTLE

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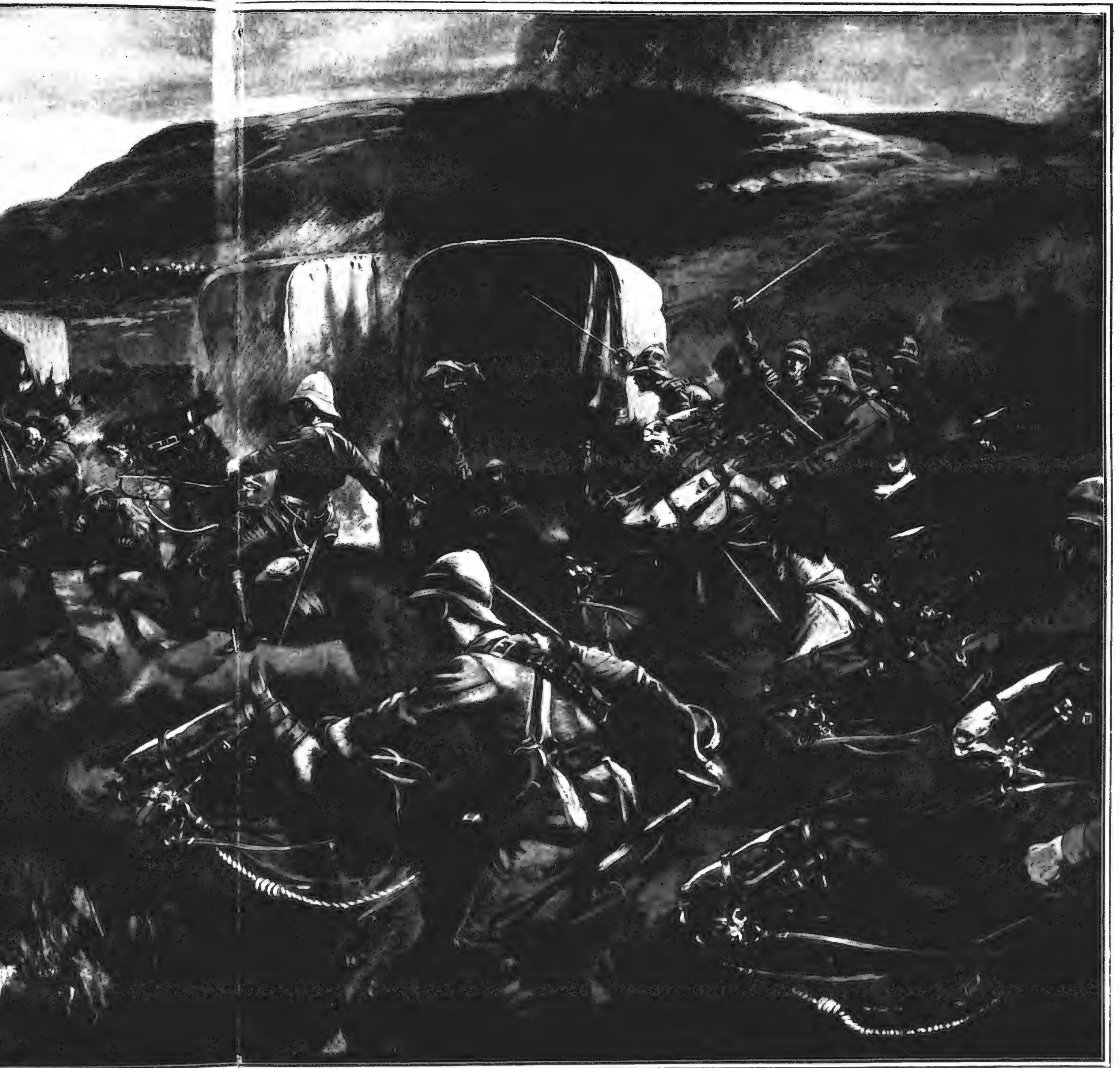
Mr. Bennett Burleigh, Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, thus describes a brilliant little action by General Bruce Hamilton near Standerton:—"Day was faintly breaking as they gained a down-like ridge, overlooking a vale and swelling ground farther west. In the low, somewhat boggy meadow was the farm of Trickhardtsfontein. Two miles to the south and front of the homestead was the Boer laager, still apparently undisturbed. It was a big camp, with many cattle, sheep, and horses, a score of ox-waggons, and half as many Cape-carts. Colonel Williams's

column, with his Australians, was sent to the right (north), towards the farm buildings, wing to the left, whilst Rawlinson, with the Johannesburg Mounted Rifles and his own, was ordered to go straight forward. The troops had got to within 800 yards of the laager." General Bruce Hamilton gave the order, and the men dashed at the laager. "A Boer picket raised the alarm, and at once the flight of the 300 Boers in the laager began. Horses were seized and mounted, and away the burghers sped, utterly terror-stricken. Half a hundred came

tumbling from under waggons, and w and cried 'Spare us! We are surrendering the laager, but not a trooper stopped followed, or at least to such as were un been seen for many a day during the wa their pursuers, and when ridden down lo

SURPRISING A BOER LAAGER: A SUCCESSFUL ACTION BY MOUNTED INFANTRY UNDER

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



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tumbling from under waggons, and with ashen faces, held their hands above their heads,
 and cried: 'Spare us! We are surrendered!' The 8th Mounted Infantry first broke through
 the laager, but not a trooper stopped to make prisoners. That task was left to those who
 followed, or at least to such as were unable to gallop their horses further. Such a hunt has not
 been seen for many a day during the war. Many of the enemy fired from off their horses at
 their pursuers, and when ridden down lost nothing more than freedom. Nearly two score Boers

were in khaki, and almost without exception every burgher captured had explosive bullets in his
 bandolier. It was Piet Grobelaar's laager that was taken, and with it 131 unwounded prisoners,
 the majority of whom were ridden down. Their commandant had left the previous evening to
 meet Louis Botha. The Boer wounded were about a score, and their killed a dozen. The
 captures, besides Cape-carts, waggons, horses, rifles, ammunition, included nearly five thousand
 oxen."

UL ACTION BY MOUNTED INFANTRY UNDER GENERAL BRUCE HAMILTON NEAR STANDERTON

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

The Week in Parliament

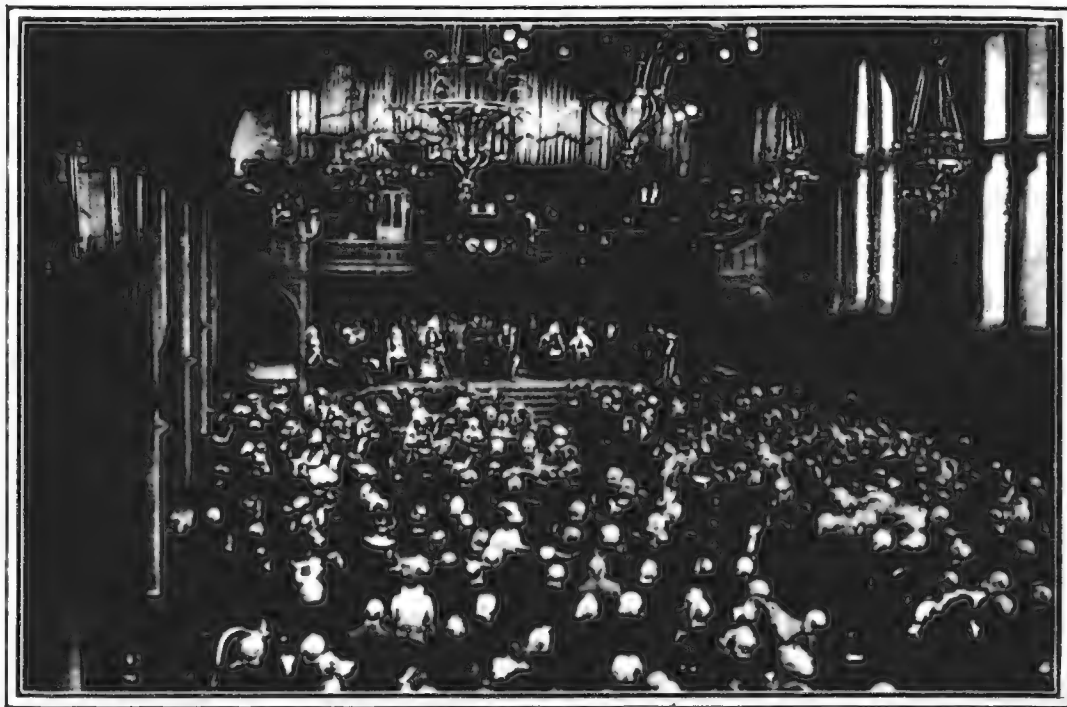
BY HENRY W. LUCY

IN the earliest hour of Wednesday morning the House of Commons divided on the Vote of Censure moved by the Leader of the Opposition. There was presented the inevitable result. Some of the hardest things said about the War Office, in connection with their Horse and Meat Contracts, have dropped from the lips of their political friends. They were stout Unionists, the members who, as soon as the report of the Remount Committee was circulated, raised debate which fixed attention on the melancholy subject. Nevertheless, when the Opposition got into line of battle, and propose anything that looks like a vote of censure, Unionist ranks close up, all differences are at an end, and to their last man they poll in support of the Ministers whose conduct they have sharply criticised. Thus it came to pass that, in a crowded House of 537 members, the Government had a majority of 155, being twenty-five above the normal level.

The debate suffered from the unreality of the situation and the liberality of its extension. Had the talk been compressed into one sitting, it might have been infused with some measure of fire. Mr. Redmond insisted upon two nights, and Mr. Balfour, with that curious evidence of weakness he often shows when confronted from that quarter, yielded. The familiar consequence happened. The first night dragged on, made wearisome by harangues an hour long. The best speakers saved themselves for the second night, when business would, in view of the pending division, really begin.

In this respect things were better on Tuesday night. In the last hour and a half, when Mr. Asquith was on his legs, with Mr. Balfour to follow, the appearance of the House justified assumption of political crisis. Every seat on the benches was filled, including the two front ones, which, earlier in the sitting, and notably on Monday, were almost empty. The Strangers' Galleries were densely packed, and long lines of members, too late for seats on the floor of the House, peopled the side galleries. It must have been a disheartening matter for the titular Leader of the Opposition to note how the thronged audience hung on the lips of his sometime lieutenant. "C.-B.'s" speech, on moving his resolution, most moderate in tone, able in the marshalling of facts and arguments, was delivered in a House not quite three-quarters full. Its most pointed periods were treated with passive indifference. Mr. Asquith spoke to a closely packed audience amid a constant storm of cheers and counter-cheers.

With his accustomed adroitness Mr. Balfour opened his speech with effort to differentiate between Mr. Asquith and the Leader he protests he has not deserted. To extol the Vice-President of the Liberal League was to belittle the author of the Leicester speech. Accordingly the First Lord of the Treasury, amid responsive cheers from the Ministerialists, admitted that it had "raised the tone of debate above the level of comedy." This shot went a little astray, since Mr. Asquith immediately followed that faithful Ministerialist, Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, who had been somewhat heavily sporting himself, jerking forth, amid shouts of laughter, a speech which, as Mr. Asquith said, had no connection, proximate or remote, direct or indirect, with the question before the House. The Opposition, quickly seizing the chance, hilariously cheered this reference to the level of comedy. Mr. Balfour, perceiving his mistake, also improved the occasion. Mr. Asquith, he went on to say, had raised the debate above the German waiter level. This, it will be perceived, was a two-edged sword. On one side it smote Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the supporters of his motion who preceded Mr. Asquith. Also it dealt a back-handed cut at Lord Rosebery, who introduced the German waiter to the notice of the shocked House of Lords.



The Prince and Princess of Wales were last week the guests of the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley, and while there visited Manchester to open the Whitworth Hall, an addition to Owen's College which has just celebrated its Jubilee. The Hall, which has been provided by money left by Sir Joseph Whitworth, is capable of accommodating 1,000 people. Our photograph is by R. Banks, Manchester.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MANCHESTER: OPENING WHITWORTH HALL

Club Comments

THE Court officials under the late Queen had become fixed in a groove, and even the many changes of recent times did not make them move. "That which had been must be," was the view which they supported, if they did not express it in so uncompromising a form. Though the King has only been on the Throne a little over a year, he has revolutionised the Court and its customs, and the revolution has been far more thorough than is generally perceived. Not only have many of the officials of the old Court been shelved and their duties entrusted to others, but old customs have been replaced by new in every direction. The King, as Prince of Wales, had learnt the defects of the system, had heard the grumbling of those who had suffered through it, and had himself often been much inconvenienced by it. To the Court official of eighteen months ago the change must be bewildering.

There was no alteration which the authorities at the Palace resisted more than the proposal to hold the "Drawing Rooms" at night instead of in the afternoon. Why they objected to it has never been ascertained, but so obstinate were they in their opposition that many imagined there was some grave danger which had to be guarded against. Nevertheless the first "Drawing Room"—now re-christened a "Court"—of the new reign has been held at night, has been in every way successful, and has met with general

approval. The success has been so apparent and complete that it has encouraged the new officials to recommend other changes which will certainly be adopted in the near future.

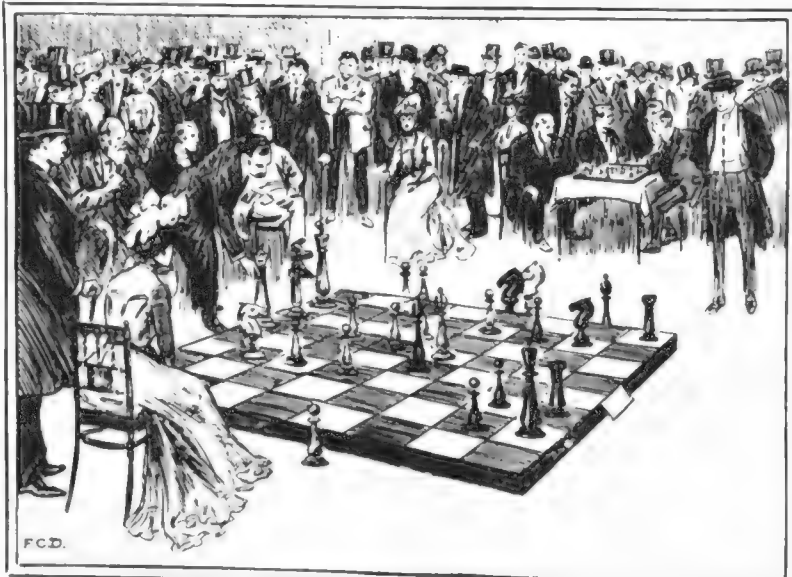
For four months Londoners will centre their attention on the Coronation. Not only is it to be a fine pageant, but it is to bring millions into the town—and this is of enormous importance, seeing that the War, the Court mourning, and other circumstances have caused money to flow very sluggishly of late through London. It is predicted by those who are experts in the matter that the prices of meat, fish, milk, and vegetables will be several times higher in Coronation week than they are ordinarily. That is obviously to be expected, and wise farmers are already arranging to supply the London dealers then on special terms. Many "territorial magnates," with an eye to business, are preparing to send the produce of their estates to West End provision merchants, though the wiser have decided to sell only when the "famine" is, for a "famine"—of a sort—it promises to be.

Foreseeing this, a question will shortly be asked in the House. For if the price of the necessities of life will be far higher in the West End of the town how will that affect the welfare of the poorer classes in the East End. How can the Government provide for a state of the market such as is predicted? It is feared that the authorities will be able to do little, but even little is better than nothing, and to do it they must devise their measures beforehand.



PILLSBURY v. LAWRENCE

The annual cable match between representatives of the British Isles and the United States of America was concluded on Saturday night, with a score of three wins to two in favour of America, with five draws. Play took place on Friday and Saturday, the English team playing in the International Hall of the Cafe Monico, and the Americans at Brooklyn, the two rooms being put into direct telegraphic communication by the Commercial Cable Company. By arrangement, the games at boards one and three, in which Pillsbury and Marshall were engaged for America, were fought over the board in London on

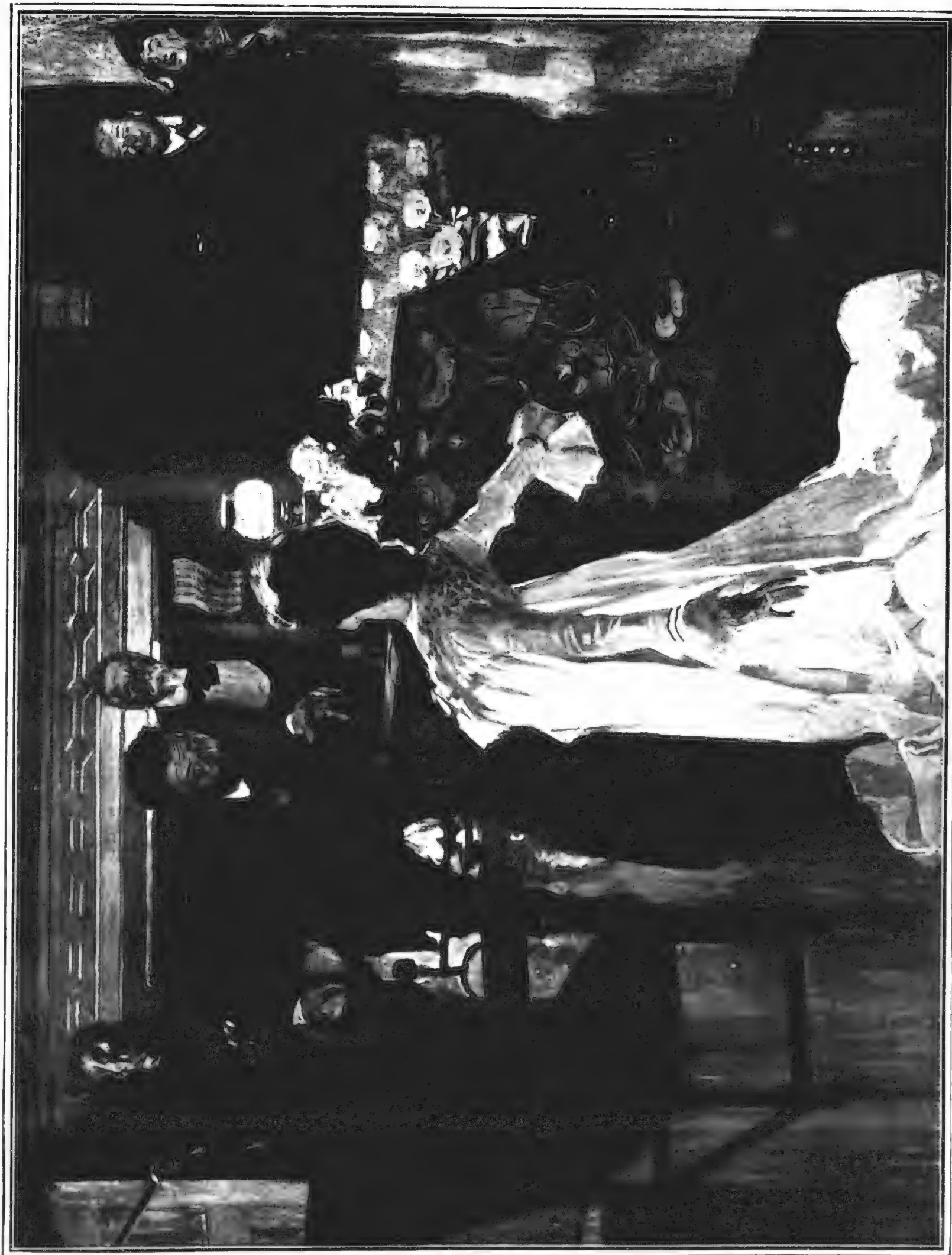


ROUND THE BIG BOARD

Saturday, the two American players having only just returned from the International Tournament at Monte Carlo. Great interest was taken over the Pillsbury v. Lawrence game, which was drawn. This year's struggle has attracted more attention than any of its predecessors, the attendance of players and lovers of the game being very large. Among those who were present on Saturday afternoon were the American Ambassador, Mr. Choate, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and Mr. H. Steel, of Calcutta.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH: BRITISH ISLES v. AMERICA

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



“CESAR'S WIFE AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE: THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE LAST ACT
DRAWN BY FRANK CRAB

DESIGNED BY GODFREY (Miss Lena Ashwell): “Kill me! I loved him!”

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA"

THE question whether Mr. Stephen Phillips has handled the old pathetic story of *Paolo and Francesca* with a true dramatic instinct is one on which the critics were perhaps bound to differ; but it is at least certain that the new play which Mr. George Alexander has put upon the stage at the ST. JAMES'S with such loving care and liberality is far more dramatic than the same writer's *Ulysses*, which with all its shortcomings in this regard appears to have taken at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre a firm hold upon the favour of the playgoing public. If dramatic grasp therefore were the Alpha and Omega of the playwright's business, there would be nothing left but to predict for *Paolo and Francesca*, with its beautiful scenery and its brilliant and faithful pictures of medieval Italian life, an enduring success. But, unfortunately, Mr. Phillips's method of presenting the story necessarily tends to deprive his hero and heroine of some portion of our sympathies. They seem to us in this version not the sport of destiny and the victims of cruel mischance so much as guilty lovers who, having got over their first repugnance to sin, are no longer averse to treading the downward path. This feeling, no doubt, became inevitable, when the progress of their mutual passion was to be presented in detail. The garden scene, which in the immortal page of Dante has touched the hearts of millions of readers, comes in the play too late to move us to pity, for Paolo has already made violent love to Francesca, and in spite of his excuse that he has now resolved to die and "go straight from her face into the grave," he cannot but know that there is for them a peculiar peril in lingering that day over the story of the lawless love of Lancelot and Guinevere. Obviously this is a very different situation from that which Francesca describes in Dante's "Inferno":

"Noi leggevamo un giorno, per diletto,
Di Lancillotto, come amor lo strinse;
Solt' eravamo et senza alcun sospetto."

The tragedy, however, is full of beautiful passages which, though after the fashion of our stage, they are given too slowly and occasionally with that undulating delivery which fatigues the ear, did not miss recognition. Mr. Alexander's Giovanni Malatesta, notwithstanding some eccentricities of gesture and movement, is an imaginative and a powerful performance, and Miss Evelyn Millard brings to the part of Francesca all the simplicity and charm which are her peculiar gifts. For the part of Paolo the management have secured the service of Mr. Henry Ainley, of the Benson Company, who combines, with the youth and good presence which are indispensable to the *jeune premier*,

a command of passionate expression which is more rare. The terrible Lucrezia degli Onesti becomes more terrible still in the hands of Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is a trifle prone to melodramatic extravagance.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH
Who plays the lead in *The Princess's Nose*

"THE PRINCESS'S NOSE"

The studied irrelevancy of the title that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has chosen for his new comedy at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre would have been of little importance if the author had provided us with a play worthy of the pen to which we are indebted for *The Liars* and *Mrs. Dane's Defence*. Unfortunately, *The Princess's Nose* falls far short of this standard. Its four acts set forth a rather commonplace story of how an affectionate and faithful wife brings to book a cynically faithless and neglectful husband. It is the English wife of the Prince de Chalençon—a French nobleman with a marked foreign accent—who is confronted with this problem, and who, acting under the advice of her sensible old uncle, Sir John Langrish, determines to win her spouse back by adopting the tactics of her dangerous rival, Mrs. Malpas, and making herself attractive. This she interprets to mean that she is to lavish upon her indifferent husband little attentions varied by occasional embraces and passionate declarations of affection, in all which she persists both in and out of season. As a fact she is more successful when she attempts to awaken the Prince's jealousy, by threatening to encourage the attention of one, Mr. Eglinton Pyne, a coxcombical and affected person, who seems to divide his time between organising Tableaux Vivants and making love to other men's wives. Nevertheless, the Prince plans a temporary elopement with Mrs. Malpas, and even lends her his own carriage in which to proceed to their place of meeting. The plan, however, is frustrated through a collision with a motor-car, which proves so damaging to the unscrupulous lady's nose that she is supposed to be no longer capable of inspiring love in the breast of the fickle Prince. It will thus be seen that though a lady's nose plays a part in the play it is not a Princess's nose. The last act is devoted to the horsewhipping of Mr. Eglinton Pyne and the reconciliation of husband and wife. No serious fault is to be found with the actors; but all the power and cleverness of Miss Irene Vanbrugh fail to inspire much interest in the Princess's persistent worship of her odious husband—a thankless part played with conspicuous ability by Mr. H. B. Irving. Miss Gertrude Kingston as Mrs. Malpas had better opportunities, of which she availed herself with her customary skill, and Mr. Gilbert Hare afforded an excellent character study in the part of the worthy Sir John—the *raisonneur* of the piece. Besides these, Miss Carlotta Addison gave unfailing point to all the amusing remarks allotted to her in the character of a scandal-loving lady of the little circle, and Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones is to be credited with a quaintly amusing portrait of a love-stricken maiden.



The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, attended by the Sheriff, attended at the Royal Exchange, on Monday, to open the Colonial Exhibition which has been organised there. Exhibits have come from the

Glasgow Exhibition, Earl's Court, and the Imperial Institute, and the Colonies represented are Canada, Australasia, South Africa, British North Borneo, and the West Indies.

VISITORS AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

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OF A
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10 ft. 6 in. by 7 ft. 6 in.	2 12 0
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THE LATE CAPTAIN C. G. T. BROMFIELD
Died of wounds received at Boshof



THE LATE LIEUTENANT T. MORRIS
Killed at Springbokfontein



THE LATE MAJOR C. W. M. FEILDEN
Died of wounds received at Klippan



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. USHER
Died of wounds received near Springs



THE LATE MAJOR R. B. BLUNT
Killed near Vryheid

War Portraits

CAPTAIN CHARLES G. T. BROMFIELD, 87th Company Imperial Yeomanry, died of wounds received at Boshof. He volunteered as a trooper in the 79th Company Imperial Yeomanry Roughriders, in April, 1900, but was invalided home in the following November. He returned to South Africa in March last as a lieutenant of the 84th Company Imperial Yeomanry Roughriders, and was given his captaincy in the 87th Company in July. Our portrait is by T. C. Turner and Coke, Barnsbury Park and Upper Street, London, N.

Lieutenant Thomas Morris, 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers), who was reported missing after the action of Springbokfontein, on January 26, has since been ascertained to have been killed in action and buried by the Boers. Born May 31, 1879, the deceased officer joined the Carabiniers as second lieutenant from the Militia, October 18, 1899, and became lieutenant May 11, 1900. He was present with his regiment in the engagement of Kroonstad, the advance on Johannesburg and Pretoria, the operations under General French at Doornfontein, the attack on Pretoria, the engagements around Belfast and Machodorp and the advance to Barberton. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Major Cecil William Montague Feilden, D.S.O., of the 2nd Dragoons, Royal Scots Greys, who died from wounds received at Klippan, was the eldest surviving son of the late Lieut.-General Feilden, C.M.G., and was born at Quince in 1863. He was educated at Eton, and after training at Sandhurst he joined the 2nd Dragoons in 1883 as a lieutenant, and in 1891 he was made a captain. Before the war in South Africa, Major Feilden's principal service had been on the Staff. From early in 1891 till August, 1892, he was an extra aide-de camp to the Marquess of Zetland,

while Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He also served as aide de camp to Lord Houghton, and later to Earl Cadogan. In 1897 he became private secretary to Viscount Wolseley. While in South Africa in July last, he was promoted to the rank of major, and in the second Honours *Gazette* of last September he was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. Major Feilden, who was an extensive landowner in Lancashire, was a magistrate in Lancashire and Cheshire, and he had seats in both counties. He was also well known as a sportsman. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Captain Edward Usher, D.S.O., of the Royal Scots Greys, died of wounds received in action at Springs. Born November 26, 1869, he was the eldest son of Mr. John Usher, of The Dene, Great Tudworth, Cheshire. He joined the Greys as second lieutenant, May 29, 1890; became lieutenant September 21, 1892, and captain September 4, 1900. He had been in the field with his regiment since the beginning of the war, took up the duties of adjutant May 10, 1900, and was awarded the D.S.O. in recognition of his exceptionally meritorious services. Our portrait is by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

Major Robert Bruce Blunt, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who was killed near Vryheid, was staff officer at Dundee. He was born in 1873, and was educated at Rugby, passing from the army class of that school straight into Sandhurst. He passed out of Sandhurst in 1892 at the head of the list, and received an award of a sword of merit. He joined the Lancashire Fusiliers in November, 1892, became lieutenant in May, 1894, and captain in November, 1900. Major Blunt took part in the Nile Expedition of 1898, in the campaign under Lord Kitchener, and was present at the battle of Khartoum, and for his services in that battle he received the British medal and the Egyptian medal with clasp. Later in the same year he was present at the occupation of Crete. He had seen considerable

service in the present war in South Africa, being engaged with the Ladysmith Relief Force, when he was wounded, and was subsequently invalided home. He returned to the front some eighteen months ago, and was appointed staff officer of the Dundee sub-district. He was gazetted a brevet-major in the second Honours *Gazette* of September last. Our portrait is by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

Major John Francis Fisher, commanding the 2nd Battalion Royal Pioneer Regiment (Captain Royal Artillery), was killed in action near Villiersdorp, on November 20 last, aged thirty-three. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Fisher, of Bromham, Wilts, and was educated at Winchester and the Royal Military Academy. He received his first commission in the Royal Artillery in 1887, became lieutenant in 1890 and captain in 1898. In 1888 he joined a Garrison Battery in Malta, and speedily became acting adjutant. He was a good oar, and, with Captain Jettcoat, R.A., was twice in the winning crew for the Governor's Challenge Cup. Getting transferred into a Mountain Battery, Major Fisher was with the Tithah Expeditionary Force, 1897-8, earning a medal with two clasps. According to the official report, Major Fisher, with a force of 100 men, went out at one a.m. to occupy a ridge overlooking Zandsdrift—another column having arranged to co-operate with him. In consequence of the non-arrival of this column, and finding about 400 Boers opposed to him, Major Fisher was retiring when he was fired upon, so decided to make a stand. Becoming surrounded he placed his men in a sheltered position, where they held out for five hours. He was determined that he would never surrender to any odds, and after many parts of the position had been rushed, fought on with a few others at close range, until he was hit in the head by two bullets simultaneously, the remainder of his little force being compelled to surrender ten minutes later. Our portrait is by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

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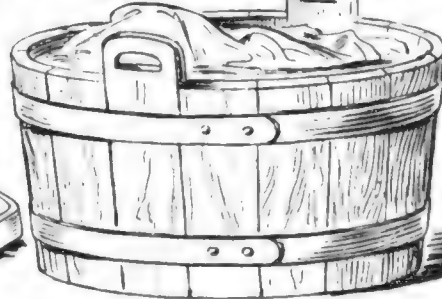
LET IT SOAK FOR AWHILE,

RINSE IN CLEAN WATER

**THATS
ALL!**



The Sunlight Way



LEVER BROTHERS, LTD. PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.



THE LATE MAJOR JOHN FISHER
Killed at Villiersdorp



THE LATE LIEUTENANT E. G. HOWELL
Killed at Klip River



THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. F. RHODES
Killed at Kippax



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. C. BLACKETT
Killed at Syferfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. C. THOROLD
Killed near Rietfontein

Lieutenant Edward Gronow Howell, of the 2nd Derby Mounted Infantry, who was killed at Klip River, was only twenty-two years of age. He previously belonged to the 4th South Staffordshire Militia, but was gazetted to the 2nd Derbyshire Regiment (Sherwood Foresters) in April, 1900. He was with Lord Methuen in the forced march to Lindley. He returned to Malta, and was promoted to his first lieutenantcy, and on the formation there of a detachment of mounted infantry for South Africa he volunteered for service, and reached Pretoria on January 24.

Lieutenant John Fairfax Rhodes, of the Scots Greys, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, joining his regiment from the latter as a University candidate. He was twenty-four years of age, and was the only son of Mr. Fairfax Rhodes, of Brockhampton Park, Gloucestershire.

Lieutenant Algernon Carey Blackett, who was killed at Syferfontein, was the youngest son of the late Captain E. A. Blackett, R.N., of Wylam, Northumberland. He had served right through the campaign, having joined Bethune's Horse at the outbreak of the war. He afterwards entered the South African Constabulary. Lieutenant Blackett had just recovered from wounds received in an attempt to capture some Boers. He was twenty-eight years of age. Our portrait is by Sherwood, Durban.

Captain Henry Cecil Thorold, of the Leicestershire Regiment, was killed in action near Rietfontein. He was the second son of Sir John Henry Thorold, and was born in 1871. He entered the Leicestershire Regiment as a second lieutenant in 1893, obtained his lieutenantcy two years later, and was promoted to the rank of captain in October last. He was recently made adjutant of the 3rd Battalion Railway Pioneer Regiment. Our portrait is by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

Paris Gittings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE election fever is beginning to reach fever heat, and as soon as the Chamber is dismissed for good it will reach white heat. The deputies are certainly working at high pressure, and even sat all Sunday last to get rid finally of the Budget. This was at last sent on to the Senate, and the Chamber at once voted itself a week's holiday. Every train that left Paris after the House rose on Sunday night carried dozens of legislators anxious to get down to their constituencies without losing a single moment. Their opponents have been having it all their own way, and have certainly been displaying unbounded activity.

Paris is beginning to burst out in posters of every colour of the rainbow, mostly violent. But however violent the colour may be, it is never in "the same street" with the language. The text of the average election poster makes one instinctively wonder if such a thing as the law of libel exists in France. "Liar," "hypocrite," and "traitor" are among the very mildest expressions employed. As this goes on in a sort of *crescendo* during the elections, it is difficult to imagine what it will be six weeks hence.

Of course, the chief point of interest is the result of the vote, and on this point, strange to say, both parties seem equally confident. In the last fortnight, I have talked with men of "light and leading" of all parties, and each one seems as confident of success as the other. The "Patrie Française," the League presided over by MM. Jules Lemaitre, François Coppée, Cavaignac and General Mercier shows immense activity. They are holding daily meetings all over France, putting up candidates in every constituency where they think they have a chance, and flooding the country with election literature from one end to the other.

Montmartre is decidedly in danger of losing its reputation. It was formerly regarded as the quarter of light and leading—*La bonne Ville de Montmartre, capitale de Paris*. Its inhabitants led every revolution for the last hundred years (its geographical position as the highest point of Paris naturally gave it strategic value), and it was the home of art. It was here that the Cabaret Artistique took birth, and it was the home of Terpsichore of the lighter and more violent kind. The long climb required to get to it, especially to the highest point, the "Sacred Butte," where stands the great church of Montmartre, cut it off to a certain extent from Paris, and its inhabitants seemed to have a character of their own.

Modern progress, however, began to assert its rights: the old chateaux, gardens, and vineyards (for there were vineyards in Montmartre) began to disappear and give place to modern houses with a sewage system and all the latest improvements. Then a funicular railway scaled the precipitous sides of the Butte, and the underground railway invaded the boulevard. The result has been that Montmartre for two years past has been desolation and confusion. Steam automobiles dragging trucks are puffing about day and night, and the whole quarter has been a slough of despond, a wilderness of mud, stones, steam-whistles and hideous boardings. Hundreds of workmen, French, Belgian, Italian, Basque and Spanish (for the navy in France is usually a foreigner), have invaded the quarter. But the worst of all is the epidemic of crime that seems to have followed in the train of all these modern improvements. In six months' time three murders have been committed of a kind that has terrified the inhabitants. The two last, the murder of a little nine-year-old girl and the strangling in daylight of an old female curiosity dealer, remain still unexplained mysteries. If this is the first result of the advance of modern improvements, Montmartre might have better remained in its primitive simplicity.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—AN IRISHMAN'S PROTEST! TO ENGLISHMEN, SCOTCHMEN, IRISHMEN, AND OUR COLONIES!

'AN IRISHMAN'S ELOQUENT PROTEST. Richard Lalor Sheil once startled the House of Commons and the country when the word "alien" was applied to him as an Irishman. "On the field of Waterloo," he exclaimed, "the blood of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen flowed in the same stream and drenched the same sod when the cold gray morning dawned they lay stiff and stark together; in the same trench their bodies were laid; the green corn of spring bursts even now from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, are we not to be partakers in glory? Are we to be told we are aliens from that noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured?" The effect of the speech both inside and outside the House was electrical.'

'TRUTH IS THE ROOT, BUT HUMAN SYMPATHY IS THE FLOWER OF PRACTICAL LIFE.'—Chopin.

THE MORAL.

'I need not be missed if another succeed me:
To reap down those fields which in spring I have
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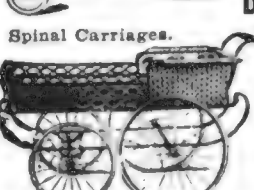
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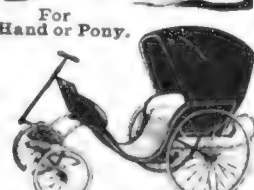


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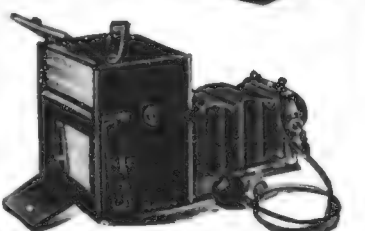
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Our Bookshelf

"TWO WINTERS IN NORWAY"

THOSE who have imagined that Norway was a place to be visited only in summer should read Mr. A. Edmund Spender's delightful account of two winters spent in that country. He would appear to have had a most agreeable time among the ice and snow, sleighing, tobogganing, skiing, and making long excursions, while his visit to the Lapps is particularly interesting, and so, too, is the chapter on "Military Training in Winter" in Norway. Mr. Spender witnessed the "Olympic" games, and describes once again for us the ski-jumping contest, a sport with which the writer was so impressed that he seems to have cherished the ambition of displaying his own prowess in Hyde Park on his return. But English winters are not Norwegian winters, and opportunity appears to have been wanting. Short of going to Canada, one can well believe that a winter in Norway must be very agreeable to the tourist. The book is illustrated with many photographs.

"ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE CHINESE REGIMENT"

Captain A. A. S. Barnes is a little afraid that the Chinese Regiment raised has neither had nor is likely to get its full share of credit for the part which it played during the Boxer rising in North China. He even complains that the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, when illustrating an incident in an engagement near Tientsin, "put all the soldiers in as Indians," when, as a matter of fact, the Chinese were much there and greatly distinguished themselves; and for this omission we are very sorry. But, in truth, he makes out in every way a fair case for our Chinese levies, who behaved on all occasions with great gallantry and loyalty, which, considering how brief a time they had been raised, and that they were operating against their own countrymen, is a sufficient answer to those who thought the experiment of taking them to the front a dubious one. It is not a little curious how we always seem able to raise alien levies to assist us in fighting their own countrymen. Time and again it has been done in India; we have done it in China, and now Lord Kitchener is pursuing the same tactics. Probably he will be as well justified as those who have gone before. Captain Barnes, by the way, although he found German officers most friendly, says the German force was "one of the worst equipped forces," and least suited in every way for their work, and none of them admitted that they had learned many useful lessons from us.

"THE LOVE OF RICHARD HERRICK"

Whoever wishes to know Miss Arabella Kenaly's opinions on various subjects cannot do better than study her new novel, "The Love of Richard Herrick" (Hutchinson and Co.). They mostly concern Woman, with the immediate tendency of whose advance Miss Kenaly does not appear to be comfortably satisfied; but then the characters she has chosen to present are not of the sort to encourage optimistic views. For one thing they are far too much given to talking, when they ought to be occupied with their proper business of carrying on their story. This last is fairly summed up in a remark of a certain wicked widow, which also serves for the

"Two Winters in Norway." By A. Edmund Spender. (Longmans and Co.)
 "On Active Service with the Chinese Regiment." By Captain A. A. S. Barnes. (Grant Richards.)



The tobogganing races, held on the Park Slope at Montreal on February 15, were rather spoiled by the heat of the sun. In the "lead" as you please, there was a spill. The side of the chute had become soft from the sun, and one of the toboggans struck it, and after it was righted the toboggan again struck about thirty feet down. A serious accident might have occurred if the competitors had been shot into the next chute. Our photograph is by R. F. Smith, Montreal.

TOBOGGANING RACES AT MONTREAL: A SPILL

"THE WESTOTES"

If Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch has ever written a more charming story than "The Westotes" (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith), we have certainly never seen it. Of course he is not the first to realise what unquandered treasures of romance, what accumulated capacities of loving and being loved, a woman may hide in her unsought heart under plain features, homely wits, and eight and thirty years. The old maid has had many champions, but never more effectively than in the case of Miss Dorothea Westote of Aycester, who, a sister of almost ultra-British, not to say ultra-Philistine, respectability, gave the first and last love of her life to a French prisoner of war, artistically scampish, and almost young enough to have been her son. But we will defy anybody to find a laugh at her expense. It is true that her no less typically British brother did, when she rose to the

text of the title page: "Do you know," said Mrs. Cheselton, "that in most men's lives Woman assumes three aspects: the woman he loves, and for some reason or another does not marry; the woman he marries, and for some reason or another does not love; the woman he neither loves nor marries, but who for some reason or another has an attraction for him?" However this may be the case with "most" men—rather a large order even for a maxim à la Rochefoucauld—it was certainly the particular experience of poor Richard Herrick, whom a mad wife, his own high principles, and the aforesaid wicked widow, would have driven to suicide had a less kindly hand than Miss Kenaly's been holding the strings. To recur to our opening remark, the various persons are more interesting as the mouthpieces of their authors than for what else they are, or for anything they do.



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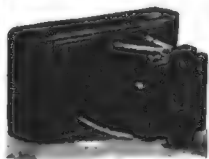
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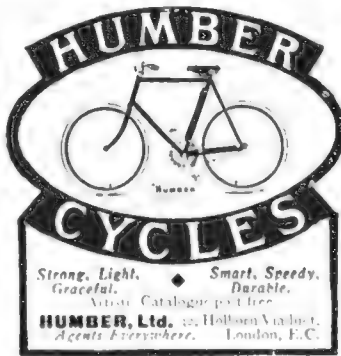
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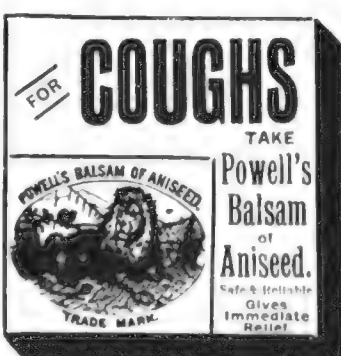


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heroic height of confession; but then his was the laugh of an angry man who was not so stupid as to laugh long. We are not sure that the portrait of this brother, the local magnate of Axcester, is not as perfectly finished a study in its way as Dorothea's in hers. The story does not end sadly; nobody could wish so delicate a romance to have ended in any conventionally "happy" way. In the setting, Mr. Quiller-Couch is at his very best—the picturesque blending of French officers on parole with the society of a country town, with its pathetic characters and dramatic incidents, which grew into so many memories a hundred years ago.

"WISTONS"

All who are on the look-out for the Coming Novelist will be interested in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library," in which, at any moment, the Scott or Thackeray of the new century may reveal himself without preliminary warning. There are unquestionable freshness, vigour, and good writing also, in the contribution to it entitled "Wistons," by Miles Amber; while on the score of originality, it is difficult to say anything that would not be too little. Its personages may be mirrors of nature; but, if so, they must surely be of the convex pattern. Did any sane young woman accept an offer of marriage made her within the first few minutes of talk with a casual stranger who happened to be passing while she leaned over her garden gate, without knowing even so much of him as his name? The classic, "A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear eternal friendship," ceases to be absurd. Again, does the unmarried daughter of any possible household return from a solitary sojourn in London with a baby whom she declares to be her own, but as to which she neither gives, nor is even asked for, the most elementary explanation? It is true that the eccentricities of both these young ladies—they are sisters—fail to turn out well. The hero of the garden gate proves to be a man of wealth and position, but otherwise a cad too exaggeratedly contemptible for so simple a purpose as pointing the moral concerning marriage in haste and repentance at leisure, while the father of the uninvestigated baby happens to be a jealous Italian, who goes about with a stiletto. Perhaps, however, the principal lesson inculcated by "Wistons" is the unwisdom of marrying a gipsy girl out of a caravan. Wild as the whole work is in most ways, its faults are, as we have already stated, those of promise, while the description of the very queer childhood of the two ill-starred sisters is something more. It possesses all the actuality in which the grown-up portion is lacking.

"BONDS OF STEEL"

Mr. J. S. Fletcher's "Bonds of Steel" (Digby, Long and Co.) is very rough on our old friend Mrs. Grundy. One Holme Rosse, a novelist, making a handsome income by his profession, is never weary of railing by name at the old lady, who compels him to write "pot-boilers" instead of the imitations of M. Zola that he feels to be in him. He also feels himself cruelly treated by her in being tied to an unsympathetic wife, when a charming and thoroughly emancipated lady-florist, from Girton, might and should have been Mrs. Holme Rosse instead of only Miss Hope Temple. The latter, however, cares not a snap of the fingers for Mrs. Grundy. As soon as she is convinced that the lawful Mrs. Rosse has no more love for her husband than he for her, Hope has no scruple about taking her place, and is left to be the inspiration of one who is to be henceforth what she calls "free." Well, Mrs. Grundy may be old, and even old-fashioned, but her common sense is as strong as ever, and her

sense of humour—though unsuspected by those who have none of their own—is keen.

"SCARLET AND HYSSOP"

A satirist is, of course, bound to be one-sided—that is, his strength as well as his weakness. But it is sheer weakness to apply a magnifying glass of high power to a very small side of that irregular polygon called "society," and then to go for it because it appears—to him—so portentously large. The unspeakably vulgar creatures, vulgar in thought, word and deed, who make up the *dramatis personæ* of Mr. E. F. Benson's "Scarlet and Hyssop" (William Heinemann), exist, of course, wherever vulgarity is to be found—that is to say in every class, rich and poor, low, middle and high. But their manners and customs, styled by themselves as "smart"—if the word be still in use—are really not worth the pillory. Mr. Benson has certainly succeeded in giving a vivid picture of low life above stairs; but the writers of past time knew their business better when they made it a subject for farce rather than for serious indignation. The plot of the novel is of no moment—the story of how a rising, almost risen, politician was treated by his wife a great deal better than he deserved is but a conventional peg for talk and portraiture.

Music Notes

THE MUSIC OF "BEN-HUR"

Music will play an important part in the Easter production of the American piece, *Ben-Hur*, at Drury Lane. The music, indeed, has been specially written for it by Dr. E. S. Kelley, a Wisconsin man, who has studied in Germany, and is now professor of musical theory at Yale University. Dr. Kelley has also made a special study of Oriental music, including the ancient scales of the Arabs, the Greeks, and the Chinese. The old Semitic style is utilised chiefly in the earlier scenes of *Ben-Hur*, notably in the theme associated with the prophecy of Isaiah, in the much-used melody of the "Star in the East," and in the March theme which is supposed to suggest the camels of the Magi tramping over the sands of the desert to the City of David. There are also numerous themes suggestive among others of the home-love of Ben-Hur, of his grief at being chained to the galley after he has by accident slain the Roman soldier, and of his idea of vengeance, and also one associated with the beauties of Jerusalem, another identified with the Promise of the World, and so forth. Realistic music accompanies the galley scene, at the close of which, in the play, there is a shipwreck, and Ben-Hur is almost miraculously cast upon the shore. Passing to the classic processions, choruses, and dances, in the Grove of Daphne, Dr. Kelley's studies in Greek music are even more apparent, and he has also imitated in the orchestra the sounds of the Greek aulos, an ancient instrument, which was probably the forerunner of the *flute à bec* of the eighteenth century. The scene in which Ben-Hur and Iras are floating down the stream in a barge, Iras singing her love-song, is more or less Egyptian as to the music, while the chariot race is necessarily realistic. In the last scene, there are the choruses of the crowds on the Mount of Olives watching the Saviour passing with His palm-bearing followers in the valley below; besides, the

semi-chorus, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," and a full chorus, partly in canon form.

THE MUSIC OF "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA"

Recurrent themes are also very freely employed in the music which Mr. Pitt, organist of Queen's Hall, has written for *Paolo and Francesca* at the St. James's; although it appears that a good deal of the incidental music, and especially the plentiful *melodrama*, in which the composer has indulged in the delightful reading of Lancelot and Guinevere, has been cut out. *Melodrama*, even if the artists could speak it, is, in such a play, in fact, almost out of place, and still more so are the "leading motives," which the majority of a general audience could, of course, not understand. It appears, too, that Mr. Pitt wrote his score upon something like grand operatic lines, or at any rate for a bigger orchestra than could possibly be accommodated at the St. James's. So, except perhaps as to his capital soldier's song and a march, we shall probably hear the music under better conditions in the concert-room.

"ACTS AND GALATEA" ON THE STAGE

The stage revival of Handel's *Acts and Galatea* by the Purcell Stage Society at Penley's on Monday was of course of interest, although the music could scarcely be heard to such advantage as in the concert-room, to say nothing of at the Handel Festivals, where a lengthy selection from *Acts* was for many years a popular feature of the "Selection" Day. The work was on Monday divided into scenes, the first act showing the "White Tent," while the second was divided into three scenes, firstly "The Shadow," secondly "The Giant," and lastly "The Grey Tent." *Acts* has, of course, often been mounted upon the stage, although Handel himself never intended the *scenata* for dramatic use and refused in his own day to allow his artists dramatic action. The last stage performance in London was given at the Crystal Palace about thirty years ago, but later still Signor Foli and Mr. George Parren took part in a similar production at Glasgow. Latterly, however, the concert version has been preferred as Handel intended, and Monday's experience showed that Handel was right. For this simple Pastoral was mounted by Mr. Gordon Craig in the most approved "impressionist" style; tents and gauzes of neutral colour taking the place of landscape, and skies being presented of hue unknown to man. The best features of the performance, which Mr. Martin Shaw conducted, were the actions and acting of a well-trained æsthetic chorus, and the obvious enthusiasm of all concerned.

Dvorak's *Spartan's Bride* has been revived under Sir Frederick Bridge's direction at the Albert Hall. The music perhaps, suffers a little from the advance of age, for the manner in which Dvorak seventeen years ago treated the *leit motive*, is now, to a certain extent, out of date. Nevertheless, the beauties of the duets between the spectre-tenor and his living bride, the excellence of the two prayers written for Madame Albani, but at the Albert Hall so admirably rendered by Madame Sobrino, and the effectiveness of the chain of choruses descriptive of the spectral ride again made themselves felt.

A Beethoven programme was given at the "Pops" on Saturday, and as it included the Serenade Trio, the Septet, the Violin Romance in F, and the "Moonlight" Sonata, it necessarily drew a very large audience. Mr. Kruse was the violinist, and Miss Margolies the pianist.

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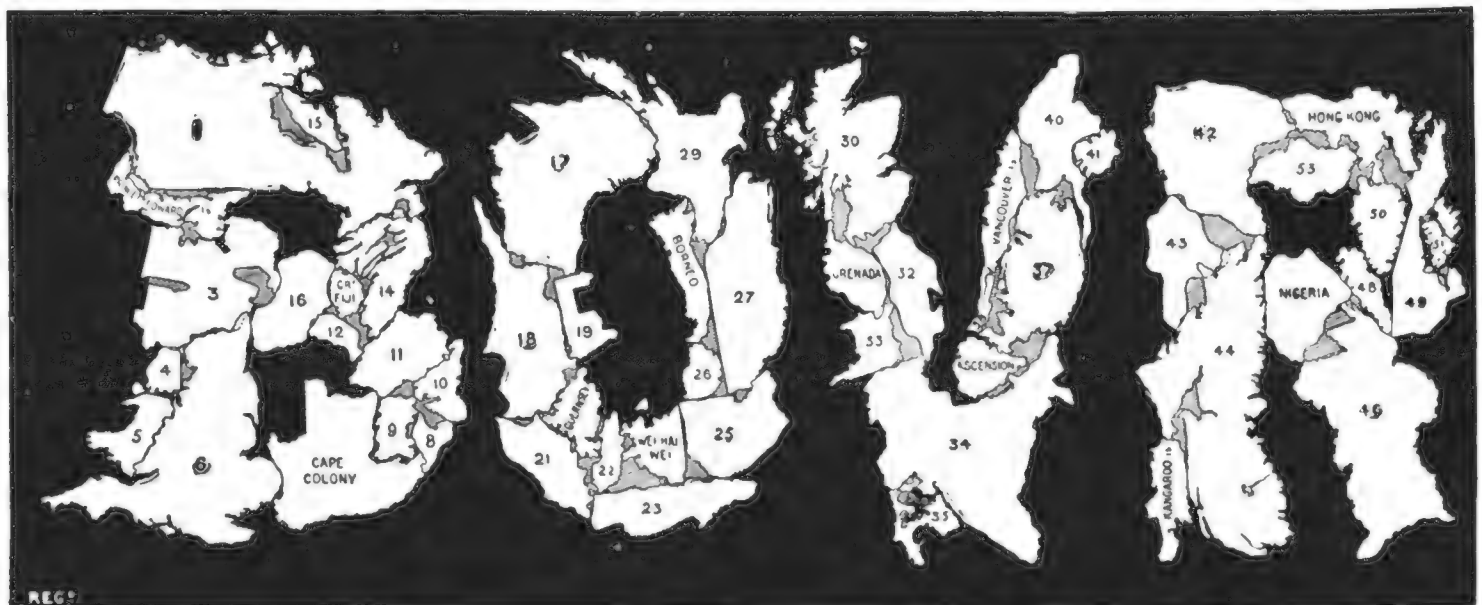
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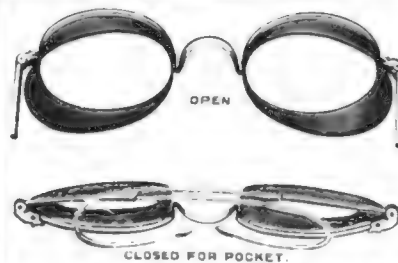
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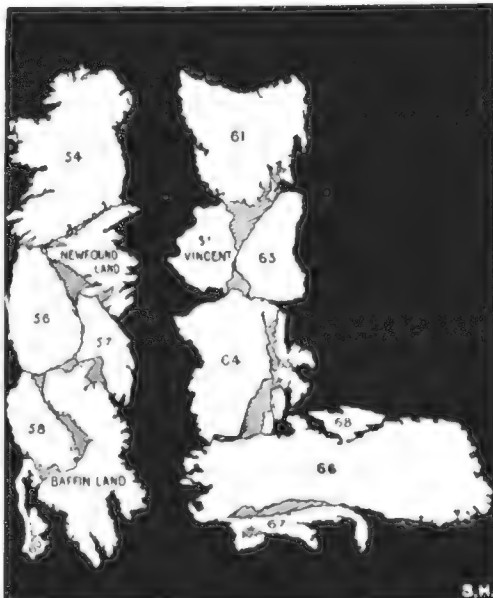
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Now that the Court is out of mourning, and that at the first Drawing Room the Royal family will be in colours, the effect of their coming receptions promises to be very beautiful. When they were held in the daytime few, if any, of the ladies really looked their best in colours, white and black was infinitely more becoming and showed off the sparkle of the diamonds. The *debutantes*, too, who were nervous and shy, and whose arms were often thin and red, will have a far better chance. Bright geranium colour and yellow are to be much worn this year, and where these tints suit the wearers they are remarkably beautiful. The Old Italian painters made great use of them, and the golden brocades of some of Titian's beauties are things of glory, and a perpetual joy to the eye.

The Annual Amateur Art Exhibition, held this year, as so many years before, in the picturesque rooms of Lowther Lodge, answers two purposes. It fills the coffers of three deserving charities, one "The East London Nursing Society," so energetically worked for by the late Mrs. Stuart Wortley, and it affords amateurs the chance of showing their own artistic performances and the treasures of brie-a-brac they may possess. This year Mr. Salting's unique cento jewellery, gold and silver lace, and glass pictures are the most interesting objects. The latter, if not actually pretty, are at any rate rare and curious. Mr. FitzHenry, the well-known collector, has sent several which deserve attention. The gold and silver lace is contributed by the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Newton and Lord Sherborne. This kind of lace was much worn in old days by Queens and great personages, and is, of course, of great value. Lord Rothschild's cameos and the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby's rings are also very attractive, while the silhouettes, a kind of fashionable precursor of the ubiquitous photograph of our days, are as interesting as they are quaint.

Many ladies of society, beginning with the Queen, are no mean artists. The late Lady Waterford, perhaps, may be dubbed a genius, but many of the present generation show considerable talent. Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein both show floral pictures and landscapes. Lady Hood, Lady Granby, Lady Clementine Waring, Lady Tankerville, and others display pictures, while some ladies aspire to making enamelled jewellery, a tedious and difficult art for which Mrs. Bethune received a silver medal. Altogether the show is exceedingly creditable, both to amateurs and art collectors.

A question has lately been mooted regarding the superior excellence of men and women in housekeeping matters. There is no doubt that rich bachelors' establishments are invariably comfortable, and that they keep their servants, who remain contented and happy, in a way that women scarcely ever succeed in doing. I think the explanation lies in the fact that men are more methodical, have a broader way of regarding things, are perhaps a little more lax about money, and do not nag. For instance, how often does a woman ring the bell unnecessarily to give an order she has forgotten, or to ask for something she could get herself? The commands of one day are rescinded or altered the next, and the servants, as they graphically express themselves, do not know

whether they are on their heads or their heels! Where a household is managed with some degree of stability, the wheels of service proceed without friction. Servants should be told quietly what to do, and mistresses should see they do it, without nagging. The High weekly books, the unnecessary expenses, are generally caused by a want of method, which leaves no room for a margin, that most necessary of items. The man broadly requires household service to be performed, as far as possible, to his liking, but he does not interfere in the tiniest detail, and find fault on every occasion. I know a man, a dear fellow, whom his servants simply adored, who never could find it in his heart to find fault, yet who was not served the worse. Justice and severity, hard and fast rules, servants rather like, for they appreciate justice, but resent caprice.

I wonder if the discontent of girls who repine at domestic service shows an entirely wrong and nervous state of mind. At any rate, the constant suicides of young maid-servants from various causes of love-disappointment, &c., point to an abnormal condition. One strange note is struck in the coroner's remark about a girl who was found drowned with her hat pinned to her head, that, in his experience, suicides always took their head-gear off before plunging into the water. What is the explanation? Does it proceed from vanity, or from a kind of habit of putting down hat and coat before doing something important, suicide being the most serious act of their life? It is, at any rate, a curious little trait which, perhaps, may require a psychological explanation.

St. Patrick's Day is close upon us. The late Queen made the shamrock a national as well as an Irish emblem, and it occurs that now the trade in shamrocks, which was a purely casual and undeveloped affair, as are so many in Ireland, has reached the proportions of a respectable and well-organised industry. Lady Limerick, whose home lies in the country of the shamrock, has taken the deepest interest in it, and the trefoil is sold for the benefit of the wives and widows of dead and disabled Irish soldiers. The pretty custom thus benefits two classes, the relations of those brave men who have died for their country and the humble peasants who pick and collect the shamrock. For days before the 17th the people at Sir Thomas Cleve's warehouses at Limerick are packing, sorting, and sending off the shamrock in tin boxes bearing a coloured portrait of the King and Queen. The ladies of the county even do not disdain to help; they pick, sort, and address with the most hearty enthusiasm. It is pleasant to think that the Saint's little flower is now proving an emblem of universal goodwill.

RUSSIA THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE. We have received from Messrs. Underwood and Underwood the latest addition to their series of "Stereoscopic Tours" through foreign countries, being a set of beautiful stereoscopic photographs of Russia, accompanied by a pleasantly written guide book containing good descriptions of the scenes portrayed and much interesting information about the country and its history in addition to a number of maps which are worthy of special mention. These are arranged on a new and ingenious system whereby one can easily find in the case of each "stereograph" or stereoscopic view, the exact spot where the spectator is supposed to stand and the direction in which he is looking. The "tour" comprises one hundred views of the most noteworthy sights and scenes throughout Russia.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

DRIFTING is going on all over England, not only barley but oats, beans and peas all receiving attention at once, the result of the ideal state of the soil, fairly soft at the surface without being caked, and fairly dry underneath, without being too rigid. The barley should in especial benefit, for it is of all the cereals that which is most particular about its seed-bed. The mild weather has been of great advantage to shepherds, who have to report a large birth of lambs, with much under an average mortality. The twin births, which were very few in the earliest flocks, are up to a full average in those which are now lambing. Along the hedgerows there is less than usual sign of spring, but the leaf-buds of the honeysuckle are to be discerned, and the first stirring of life in the hedges of quick is to be noticed. In the garden the planting of early potatoes has been a care, and now onions and parsnips are being sown, Jerusalem artichokes planted and lettuces planted out. Seed is being sown for the main crop of broccoli. The different sorts of bulbs are the feature of the flower garden and the season has favoured their flowering.

THE HACKNEY SHOW

It would be deceiving ourselves to pretend that the Hackneys show the progress made by the Shires. The three-year-old and younger stallions were by no means up to the mark, and this indicates apparently that three or four years' hence this breed may be upon the down grade. The five and six year old stallions were magnificent, but this, while keeping up the public idea of the breed, is a feature which time seems bound to modify against us. That the skin of the Hackney is too satiny and that the horse capers rather than walks are among the complaints made by judges. The Hackney is too valuable a breed to be allowed tamely to go down hill.

FARMERS AND ADULTERATION

The main decision of Mr. Hanbury's tone in speaking on this vexed question has more real encouragement in it than twenty speeches full of vague promises. If Mr. Hanbury will use his seat in the Cabinet to see that local authorities are kept up to the mark he will do great good, and he will perhaps be even more of a benefactor to agriculture if he sees to magistrates being censured for giving inadequate sentences. When a man is convicted of adulterations, making hundreds of pounds profit, and the magistrate imposes a nominal fine, a hint from the Lord Chancellor that a J.P. is a removable official might effect a very wholesome conversion. And there is no reason to suppose that on the protest of the Minister of Agriculture such a warning would be withheld by the legal authorities.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

Since March came in the gulls on the Thames above Blackfriars have notably diminished in numbers. The birds are beginning to go off to their breeding grounds. Two specimens of the very rare owl known as *Tengmalmus* have been captured in Norfolk. It is a Norwegian species blown here, it is thought, by gales from the N.E. At all events it has not been taken in Ireland, or on the western seaboard of Great Britain. The Ounce is receiving many visitors at the Zoo. This animal has been known as the Ounce for centuries of English literature, and the Latin name is *Uncia*. Why do the authorities now call it the Snow Leopard? Has any body ever seen a mole drink? This inquiry is common among gamekeepers and molecatchers. Of course moles *do* drink, but their subterranean habits make observation difficult, and as a matter

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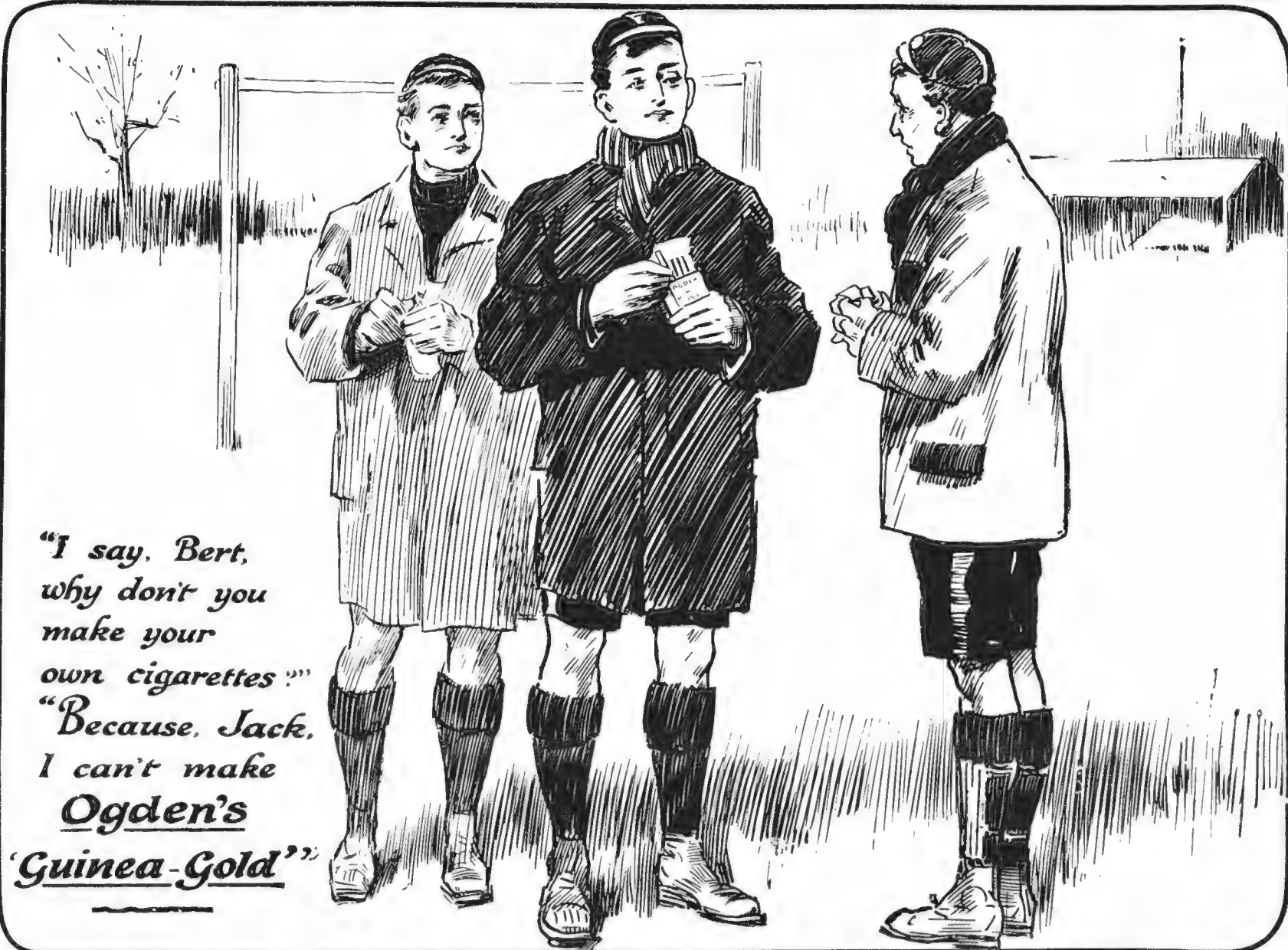
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of fact few persons have ever seen a mole eat. What is always a visible miracle is the speed with which a healthy mole placed on moderately soft earth will dig himself out of sight.—The panda, or red cat-bear, at the Zoo is a novel acquisition of some interest, and it may be worth noting that it does not hide from the public like so many animals, but has no objection to coming "down to the foot-lights" and exhibiting itself near the bars of its cage.

Books of Reference

The first volume of a new edition of "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" (W. and R. Chambers) is edited by Dr. David Patrick. The volume dates from the Anglo-Saxon, or Old English, period down to the Dryden period. Dr. Stopford Brooke has dealt with the former period, and Professor Saintsbury has contributed the article on Dryden. Among the other contributors are Mr. A. W. Pollard, who has undertaken the middle English period down to the Reformation times; Mr. Andrew Lang, who treats of Ballads; Mr. A. H. Bullen, who has described Restoration literature, besides revising articles of Elizabethan dramatists; Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has contributed essays on the Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, on the Anthologies, on the Elizabethan song writers, and on Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Webster, Ford and Shirley; Professor

Hume-Brown, who has written of James L. Knox and Buchanan; and Mr. George Neilson, Dr. T. G. Law, Mr. F. H. Groome and others. It is sixty years since Dr. Chambers began work on the first. Southey was then poet laureate, Wordsworth was alive, and Coleridge had been dead only six years. Tennyson had not yet published the two volumes that gave him a secure place among English poets, Ruskin, Kingsley and Matthew Arnold were still at Oxford, Macaulay had not begun his history, Thackeray had just published his first volume, and Dickens had only issued a few of his stories, Darwin was unknown and Huxley was a medical student. Very rightly, therefore, was a new edition of this useful work decided on. The work is to extend to three volumes instead of two, as in the old edition, and, when completed, will be a most valuable addition to the library of every student of English literature.—A new book of reference, which will be welcomed by the Art world, is "Art Sales of the Year 1901" (H. Virtue and Co.). It is edited by Mr. J. Herbert Slater, the editor of "Book Prices Current." It gives particulars of sales by auction which have been held in London, and in one or two instances in Paris, from January to the end of the season. Not only is the price of a painting or engraving given, but a note is appended to each, giving the size and, in most cases, a description of the picture, while in the case of portraits a brief record of the subject is added. A book of this kind without a good index would, of course, be useless, and Mr. Slater

has made his most comprehensive. Over 3,000 pictures are included in the sale lists. Although 1901 was not a year distinguished for the sale of many classic collections, nevertheless, at a sale held by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher, one picture alone—the "Portrait of Louisa, Lady Manners," by Hoppner, fetched the record sum of 14,752l. 10s. "Walford's County Families" (Chatto and Windus), which has now reached its forty-second year of publication, is a handsome volume of some 1,200 pages, which contains a brief notice of the descent, birth, marriage, education and appointments of persons belonging to the titled and untitled aristocracy of the United Kingdom, their heirs apparent or presumptive, together with their town and country addresses. Some idea of the vastness of the work entailed in preparing a book of this kind may be gathered from the fact that there died in the year 1901 fifteen Peers, five wives and fifteen widows of Peers, thirty-two baronets, six wives and widows of baronets, four heirs of baronets, fifty-five knights, and 298 heads of families. The names are given in alphabetical order, and at a rough calculation there are some 15,000 families named.—"The Clergy List" (Kelly's Directories), the sixtieth edition of which is just issued, gives not only an alphabetical list of the clergy of England and Wales, but also gives details of diocesan and cathedral establishments, lists of benefices with their gross and net values, and lists showing the clergy employed at Universities and public schools and other institutions.

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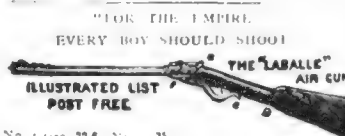


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THE KING'S VISIT TO THE WEST

CEREMONIES AT DARTMOUTH AND DEVONPORT



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. G. DICKINSON

On arriving at the slip in the Dockyard, where the battleship Queen was in readiness to be launched, the King and Queen took up their positions, and the Bishop of Exeter conducted a short special service. His Majesty then led the Queen forward into the smaller enclosure in front of the ram. Here the Queen raised the suspended bottle, which looked like a bouquet of flowers, and let it swing gently against the ram, but without effect; whereupon Her Majesty again took the bottle with both hands, and dashed it with

force. This time the bottle broke, and the wine ran down generously as Her Majesty named the ship. Then, while the spectators were cheering, the Queen took up the chisel and mallet placed at hand, and severed the thin cord which controlled the apparatus that still kept the huge battleship in its place. After a momentary pause, the vessel glided down the ways into the water.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA LAUNCHING THE NEW BATTLESHIP H.M.S. "QUEEN"



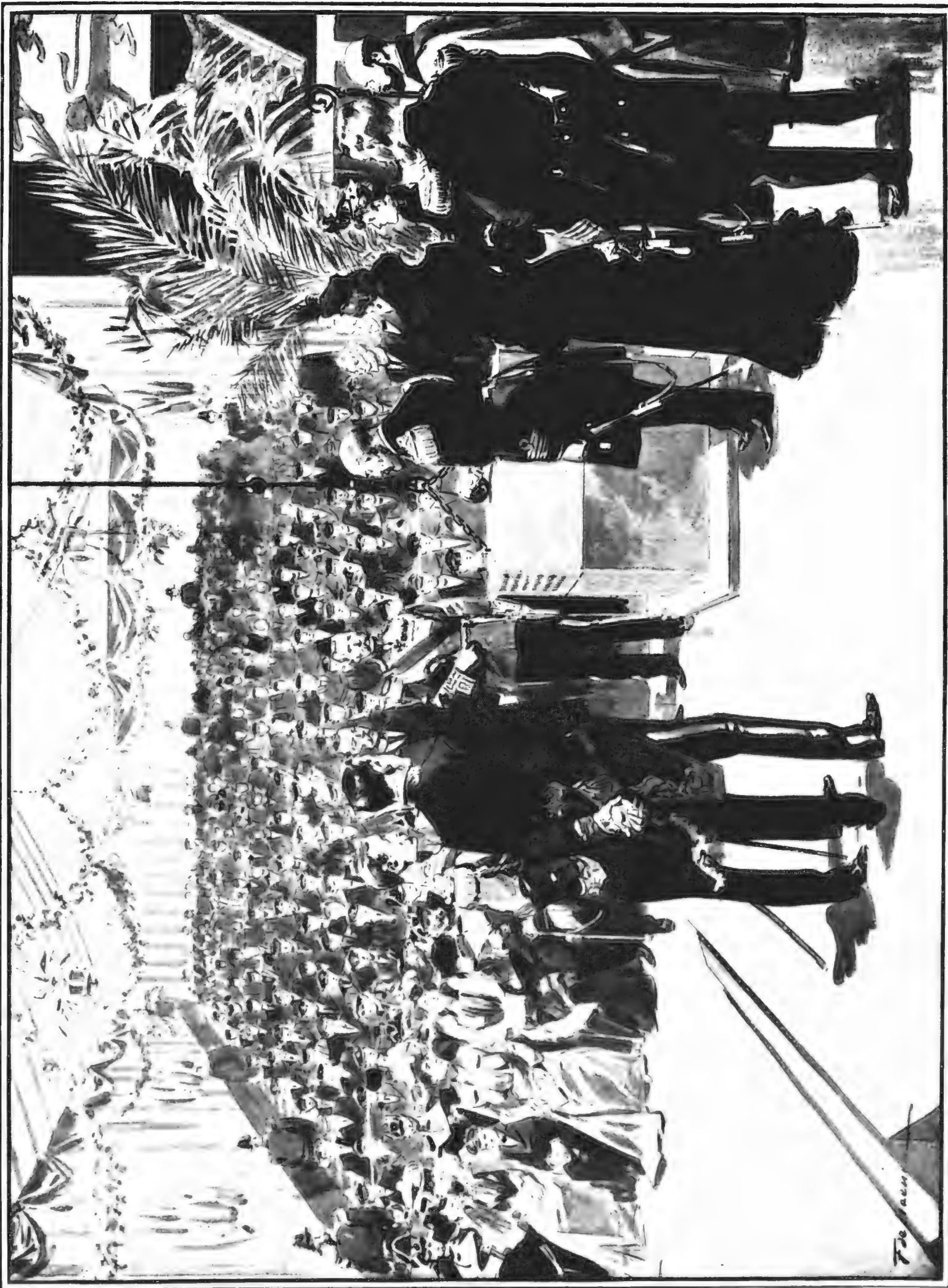
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY P. C. DICKINSON

Before proceeding to the ceremony of launching the new battleship the King visited Keyham Barracks, where he presented medals to a number of officers and men for service in South Africa and China. Among the recipients of special honours was Mr. Basil John Guy, who won the Victoria Cross as a midshipman on board the *Bardeur* for an act of heroism during the attack on Tientsin City on July 1.

1900. Midshipman Guy has recently been promoted sub-lieutenant. When his turn came the King marked him out for special honour, pinning the V.C. on his breast and shaking him heartily by the hand. This was noticed by the men, and when the young officer took up his original position he was loudly cheered by the blue-jackets and marines.

HIS MAJESTY DECORATING SUB-LIEUTENANT GUY WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS



DRAWN BY E. DE JAVIN

The King and Queen, on reaching Devonport, drove from the station to Mount Barmouth, where the New Naval College is situated, and the Royal party, escorted by Devon Yeomanry, reached the entrance of the pavilion in splendid style. Inside the pavilion a table had been erected and chairs placed thereon for the King and Queen, Princess Victoria, and others. The officers and

cadets of the *Braquian* and the officers of the German corvette *Moltke* were ranged near the ship. Vice Admiral von Arnim, being present as the representative of the German Emperor, on the King's entry, the National Anthem was sung by the cadets. Then the First Lord of the Admiralty, approaching the ship, asked His Majesty to lay the foundation stone. A

prayer was recited by the Chaplain of the Fleet. The Director of Works and architect of the building having been presented to the King, the mortar was spread, the level used, the King tapped the stone, and declared it "well and truly laid," whereupon a benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of Exeter.

HIS MAJESTY LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE AT DEVONPORT

FROM A SKETCH BY D. R. WATERS



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWN, F.R.S.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

After the presentation of medals to bluejackets for service in South Africa and China, the King inspected the Engineer students, who were marched up by Commander A. E. Tzard in double lines,

which opened out in front of the enclosure. His Majesty walked up and down their ranks, and at the end of his inspection made a short address.

THE KING INSPECTING THE NAVAL ENGINEER STUDENTS AT KEYHAM



Following immediately after the launch of H.M.S. *Queen* was another interesting ceremony. The King touched a lever and let fall the keel plate of the new battleship *Edward VII.*, to be built on the

stocks just vacated by the *Queen*. There were more cheers at this, after which the King and Queen left the platform with the Princess Victoria and their suite, and returned to the Royal yacht at the Jetty.

HIS MAJESTY LAYING THE KEEL-PLATE OF THE NEW BATTLESHIP "EDWARD VII"

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

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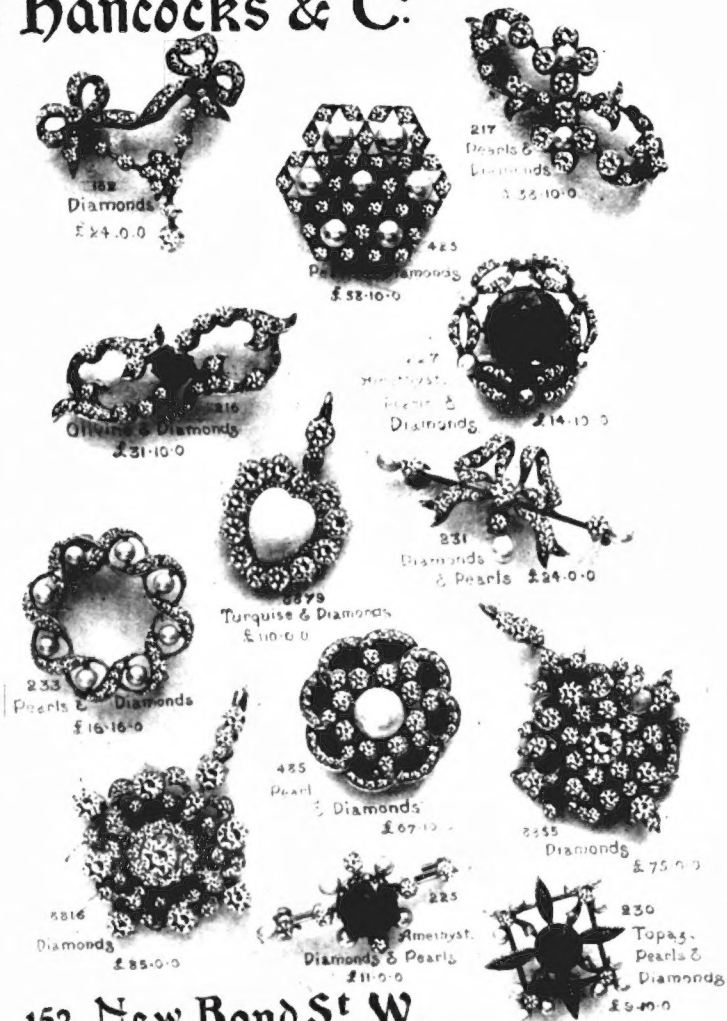
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